Saturday Review

MARCH 29, 1958 / 25¢

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RECORDINGS

Danny Kaye, whose album, "Mommy, Gimme a Drinka Water," has just been released. (See RECORDINGS)

HOLLYWOOD: SAVE THE

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STERN DOUBLE BILL

Isaac Stern, who hails from San Francisco, made his Carnegie Hall debut on January 12, 1943—the first and only major violinist to have been entirely American-trained. Since then, happy box-office personnel have been proudly posting the SRO signs every time he picks up his 250-year-old Guarnerius violin. Equally at home in Baroque, Classical, Romantic and Modern works, Stern, who is of Russian origin, has a particular affinity for modern Russian music. His warm, succulent tone and ear-dazzling technique are just what is needed to bring to life such scores as the two Prokofiev concertos. His performances of them reveal him at his faultless best.

PROKOFIEV: Concerto No. 1 in D Major for Violin and Orchestra —Isaac Stern, violinist— The New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, conductor; Concerto No. 2 in G Minor for Violin and Orchestra— The New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, conductor.
ML 5243 $3.98

WALTZ PROS

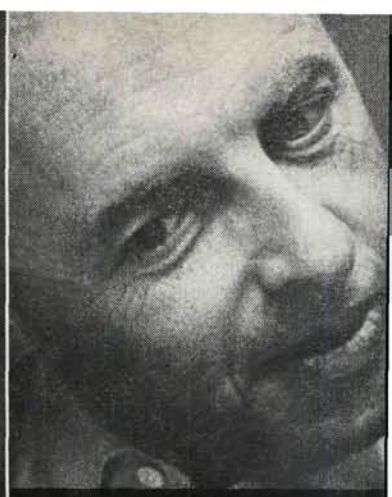
Tchaikovsky and Strauss! You may wonder what kind of combination this is or what the poet of the Lonely Heart has in common with the Waltz King of the Vienna of Franz Josef. Just this—in three-quarter time these two men are the champs. Strauss is the unchallenged expert in the ballroom, while Tchaikovsky has fashioned a host of the most delicate and danceable ballet waltzes in the world. Intermingled, and sumptuously served up by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, their waltzes serve as a perfect foil for each other. Ormandy and his men evoke both the glitter and brilliance of old Vienna and the sylphlike grace of a Russian ballerina.

THE WONDERFUL WALTZES OF TCHAIKOVSKY AND STRAUSS. Waltz from Swan Lake Ballet, Emperor Waltz, Waltz from Serenade for Strings, Waltz from Sleeping Beauty Ballet, Blue Danube, Waltz of the Flowers, Roses from the South. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor.
ML 5238 $3.98

19th-CENTURY PUBLICITY STUNT

Devotees of the piano music of Beethoven have been noticeably happier of late. The reason—a treasury of new recordings by Rudolf Serkin, whose Beethoven interpretations are undisputed cornerstones of recorded piano literature. His latest undertaking: a set of variations by Beethoven on a theme of Diabelli. In 1823, the story goes, an upstart composer-publisher named Diabelli went looking for a set of variations. Theme in hand, he approached Beethoven, Schubert, even the 11-year-old Franz Liszt. The venture smacked of a publicity stunt to promote the Diabelli publishing house. But the prettiness of the waltz tune apparently stuck in Beethoven's mind and tempted him. When he sat down to it, he turned out a grand total of thirty-three variations—more than Diabelli asked for or wanted. With reason they have been called the greatest set of variations ever created for the piano.

BEETHOVEN: Variations on a Theme by Diabelli—Rudolf Serkin, pianist.
ML 5246 $3.98



BLUES-OPERA

The exciting new music by Harold Arlen is a suite of 17 selections, each drawn from a larger work, "Blues-Opera," whose world premiere is scheduled to represent American music at the World's Fair in Brussels this spring. A look at the score shortly after the opera was completed so fired Andre Kostelanetz' admiration for its freshness and lyricism and authentically American vigor that he urged an orchestral suite be made from it. Arlen was agreeable and together they selected the music for this suite. Thus, not only do we have Mr. K. to thank for an extremely engaging performance of this music with the New York Philharmonic, but also for starting the ball rolling. And once again we have evidence of Kostelanetz' enthusiasm for the outstanding music of our time.

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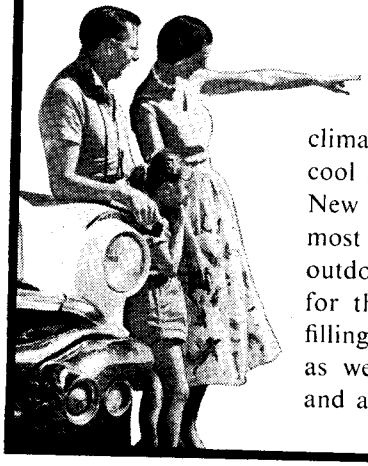

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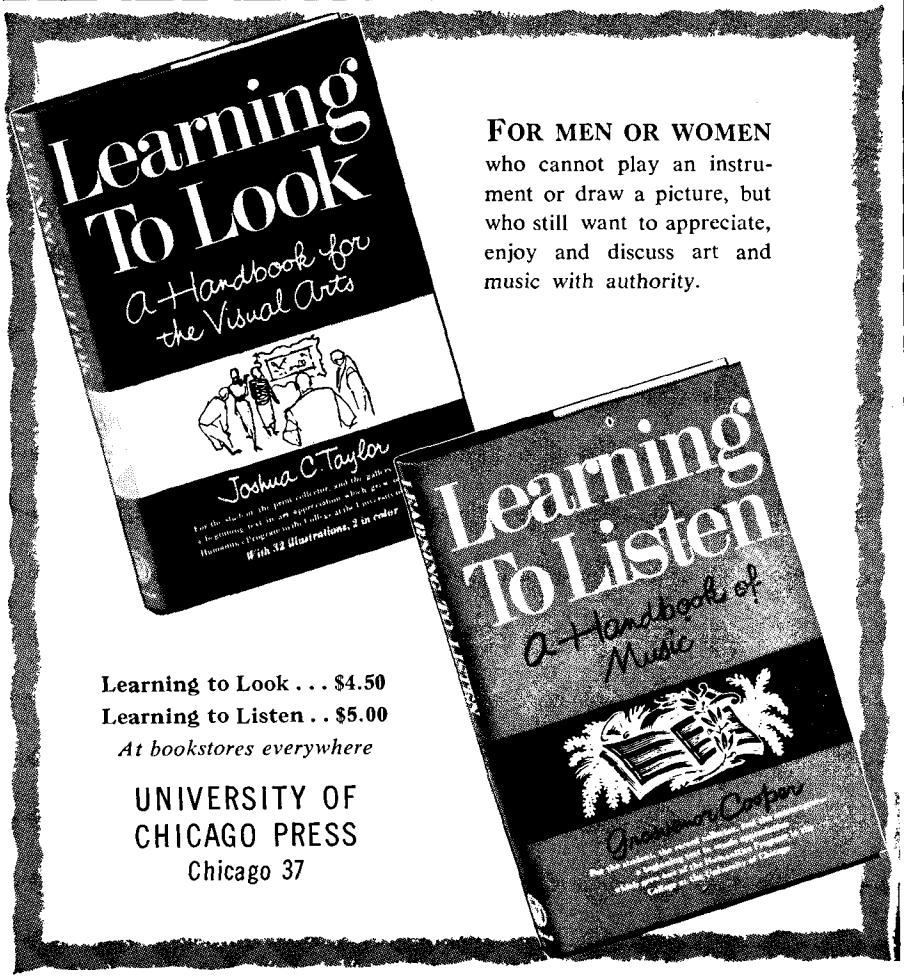

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The Saturday Review

MARCH 29, 1958

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SR/IDEAS

11 Hollywood: Save the Flowers, by Arthur Mayer
20 *No Exit: An Editorial*
37 The Not-So-Secret Musical Life of Danny Kaye, by Irving Kolodin and Abram Chasins

SR/BOOKS

14 The Lonesome Road, by Saunders Redding
Reviewed by Rayford W. Logan
15 Park Row, by Allen Churchill
Reviewed by Russel Crouse
15 Madison Avenue, U.S.A., by Martin Mayer
Reviewed by Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr.
16 Theodore Roosevelt: A Biography, by Carleton Putnam
Reviewed by Hermann Hagedorn
17 Woodrow Wilson, by Arthur Walworth
Reviewed by Raymond B. Fosdick
18 Writers at Work: The Paris Review Interviews, edited by Malcolm Cowley
Reviewed by John Barkham
19 Dickens at Work, by John Butt and Kathleen Tillotson
Reviewed by Edgar Johnson
25 Jephta and His Daughter, by Lion Feuchtwanger; Moses, Prince of Egypt, by Howard Fast
Reviewed by Gladys Schmitt
26 Ice Palace, by Edna Ferber
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst
28 The Tenth Muse, by Herbert Read
Reviewed by Joseph Wood Krutch
28 5 Pens in Hand, by Robert Graves
Reviewed by Moses Hadas

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 Trade Winds
6 Literary Crypt
21 Letters to the Editor
22 *SR* Goes to the Movies
23 Broadway Postscript
24 Music to My Ears
25 Literary I.Q.
35 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1253
37 *SR* Recordings for April

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TRADE Winds

ABOUT A YEAR ago a young Princeton professor, Otto Butz, persuaded eleven seniors to write long essays on what they "wanted out of life," how their backgrounds suited them for it, and so forth. These have been published in a book called "The Unsilent Generation" (Rinehart), without the benediction of the university or of the various parents, stepparents, girl friends, and other characters that are introduced. Fortunately, the whole thing is anonymous, and no one except Professor Butz knows who's who, plus a few people who have recognized themselves.

This book is so annoying and fascinating at the same time that it is difficult to put it down or to keep on reading it. The incredible, self-centered naivete of these eleven fellows, whom Prof Butz calls representative, is a terrible reminder of how foolish we can be when we are going to college, convinced we know everything. Furthermore, apparently the twelve principals believe that these outspoken essays indicate that the youth of the nation shows great promise, or something, because they have here been able to grasp the meaning of life so well. Actually, when these boys are talking so frankly about their families and their pasts, or their adolescent experiences and designs on the future, that's when they reveal so clearly how very recently a maturing college senior has graduated from his playpen, and how a childish imagination can take a few facts and build a world of fancy.

But these stories are like marvelous bull sessions, where everything is covered from the campus eating clubs to the degradation of being stationed in Korea. When Professor Butz showed the manuscript to university officials, they naturally tried to talk him out of having it published. He went ahead anyway. When *Life* magazine picked up excerpts, most of the families of the eleven men recognized themselves, even though anonymity was retained, of course. Some of the parents were pleased, some were sore. Princeton officials were slightly relieved, for they felt that the *Life* story had left out the "bad parts."

The seniors have all graduated in the meantime, most with honors. Five attend Harvard on fellowships; two are in law school; two in business—investment banking and publishing; one in science school; and one in the army, which will be his career. Incidentally, one of the fellows is married. He's the one who stated in his piece that he didn't want to get married, but if he did he wanted no children. His wife is expecting.

As for Professor Butz, who caused quite a stir and did some slight damage to his future at Princeton by ignoring the advice of the administration, he says, "Well, I'm on a new three-year appointment. But I'm afraid that's all, brother!"

REMEMBER ALL those tough words Amy Vanderbilt found in "By Love Possessed," and didn't know what they meant (TRADE WINDS, *SR* Feb. 1)? Well, now, many of you have said that she could have looked them up. The point was that she was flying around the country in an airplane on a lecture tour, and for some strange reason there wasn't a Webster's Unabridged on any of the planes, for travelers who wanted to read Mr. Cozzens carefully. Miss Vanderbilt has an extremely fine vocabulary, and she can practically speak Latin like a native, so the roots and meanings of words are no mystery to her. Except when she is reading BLP in an airplane.

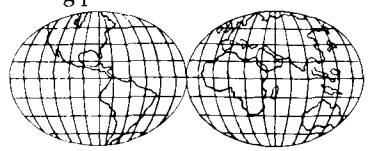
Theodore Stettler of Cleveland Heights agrees. He has made a list of words in the book that sound even more obscure. I better not mention them here because then he will get in trouble for not having the big dictionary. "Tell Amy to ask William Faulkner what 'apotheosis' means," Mr. Stettler says. "Every time you turn a corner you run into an apotheosis with Wild Bill."

Mrs. Henry Mitchell of Arcola, Pennsylvania, made up her own definitions of the hard words in question. For example, *epicene*—"*Time*se" for big acts; *mens rea*—male posterior; *caput lupinum*—dead flower; *captandum*—two hats; *furibund*—society of mink coat owners.

SPEAKING OF looking things up, I want to add some choices of my own to the excellent list of reference books discussed last week by Julia Ruth Armstrong (*SR* Mar. 22). On my shelves I have these helpful guides: "Atlas of Treasure Maps," by F. L. Coffman, published last year by Thomas Nelson & Sons. Here is a volume of charts which locates exactly hundreds of wrecks and shows you where you can

When

the nations of the world decide that the present "balance of terror" policy can no longer be tolerated what steps can they take to ensure lasting peace?



WORLD PEACE THROUGH WORLD LAW

By Grenville Clark and Louis B. Sohn

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The authors, both distinguished lawyers, are eminently qualified to write a major work of this type. Their collaboration began in 1945. Prior to completion of this book preliminary drafts were circulated throughout the world for comment and criticism and a number of useful suggestions from many countries are incorporated in this volume.

GRENVILLE CLARK was a consultant to Secretary of War Stimson (1940-44) and has been engaged in the study of the problem of world peace since 1939.

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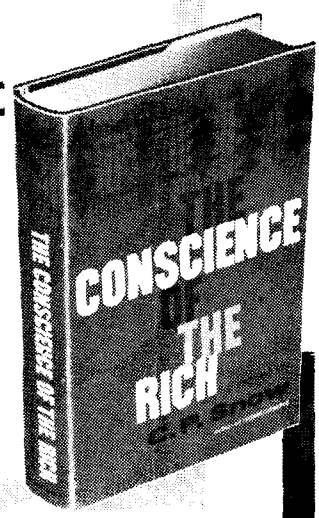

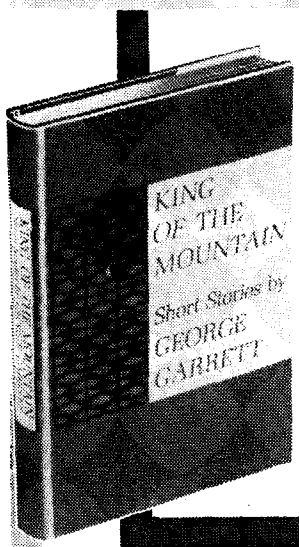

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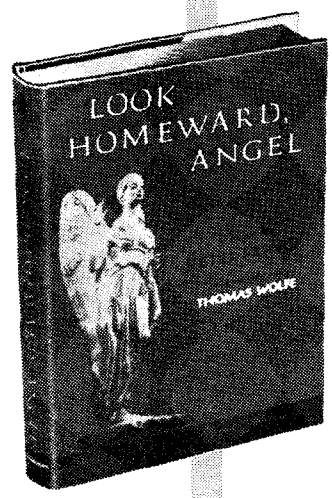

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look for the treasure supposedly in them. The author says there is $275,000,000,000 in treasure down there someplace. These charts are to show you where to start diving.

"The Merck Manual of Diagnosis and Therapy," published in 1950 by Merck & Co. This is "a source of ready reference for the physician." My copy is eight years old, and the terminology is pretty advanced for me, but when you have aches and pains and you get no sympathy from your family there is great comfort in diagnosing your own case, and in checking up on your doctor.

"Jarrold's Dictionary of Difficult Words," brought out some ten years ago by Howell, Soskin Publishers. "No space is wasted on simple words," it blurbs. Here one can find such useful adjectives as "banausic."

"A Dictionary of Similies" (Little, Brown, 1925) by Frank J. Wilstach. "It's hard to find a simile when one is looking for one." This book takes care of that.

"The Rhyming Dictionary," published many years ago by Dutton without a copyright notice. This is an unusual volume, wherein the words are listed alphabetically, spelled backwards. That is, if you want to find a rhyme for "rascal" you'd look up "l," then "al," then "cal" and so on. Don't

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 770

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 770 will be found in the next issue.

GL EVEEKS PM ML

PHHPOSMJSGQ LH WKLDQM

KLGXSH QTDG QTDQ

EKLZG EN QTS

MVJJSMMWVK QSDJTSH.

—MPH ZPKKPDB LMKSH.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 769

I was gratified to be able to answer promptly, and I did. I said I didn't know.

—Samuel Clemens.

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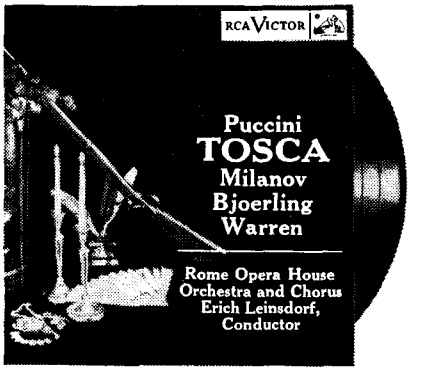

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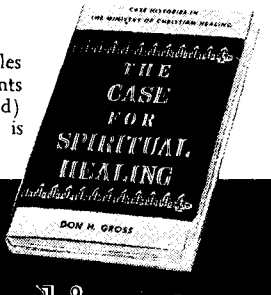

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ask me if there is a rhyme for rascal.

Last but certainly not least, "Famous Film Folk" by Charles Donald Fox. Brought out in 1925, this volume is "a gallery of life portraits and biographies," and is still invaluable to me in my work. The other day I wanted to know the heights of movie stars and found that most of them are (or were) five feet, ten inches tall: Hoot Gibson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (135 lb.), John Barrymore, Antonio Moreno, Adolphe Menjou, Ronald Coleman (*sic*), Ramon Novarro, John Gilbert, Doug Fairbanks, Sr. (165 lb.), Lon Chaney, and Tom Mix. Valentino, George O'Brien, Jack Mulhall, Warner Baxter—all five foot, eleven inches. Jack Pickford, Hedda Hopper, and Dick Barthelmess, a mere five foot seven inches. The only answers I can think of are that it was popular to be less than six feet tall during those times, or else that some very short press agent, unable to discover such personal statistics from the seclusive stars of that day, picked what he considered imposing stature, or else that little fellows gravitated into the movies. The only six-footers I could find were the bad guys: Rod La Roque, Ricardo Cortez, and Milton Sills. Funny thing, though, they could never beat up the good guys.

USUALLY IT'S a mistake to reread a book which you've always remembered fondly; it turns out to be disappointing. Not in the case of Peter Fleming's "Brazilian Adventure." After his "Operation Sea Lion," and now his new collection of essays, "My Aunt's Rhinoceros," I went back to his once-famous travel book and think it can safely be called a sort of classic. The humorous revelations about exploring Englishmen and about the "dangers" of the Brazilian jungles are as good as ever. Why doesn't Scribner's put out a new edition?

Fleming is married to Celia Johnson, who made a lot of us cry in a movie called "Brief Encounter," and laugh in one called "The Captain's Paradise." They have three children and live on his family estate at a place called Nettlebed. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1252)

T. S. ELIOT:
ON POETRY AND POETS

Virgil's Georgics, for instance, are very beautiful poetry, and contain some very sound information about good farming. But it would seem impossible, at the present day, to write an up-to-date book about farming which should also be fine poetry.

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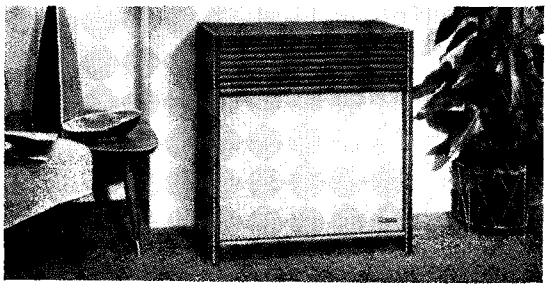

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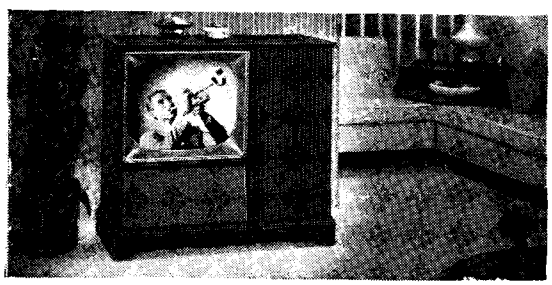

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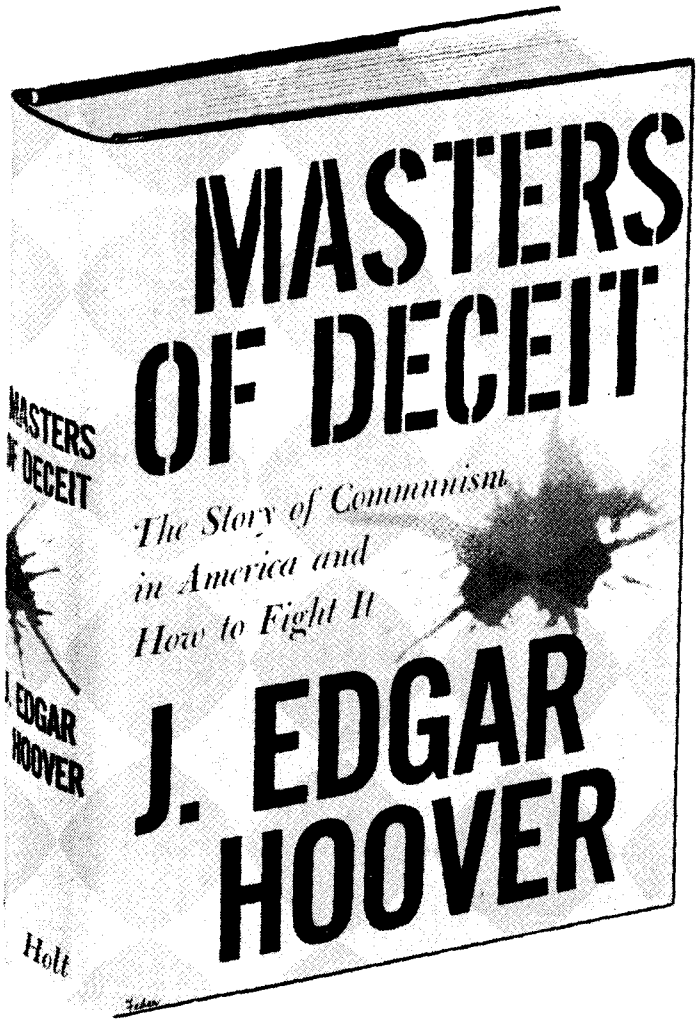

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The Saturday Review
MARCH 29, 1958

HOLLYWOOD: SAVE THE FLOWERS

—From "Time Limit."

—From "I Was a Teenage Werewolf."

Hollywood no longer has the bankroll to shoot every picture it can think of, as it could in the golden era of the mid-1940s. The patterns of her costs and revenues, operations and markets and audiences, are rapidly changing from day to day. On the basis of very few certainties, her leaders must make crucial choices—for example, between films like "I Was a Teenage Werewolf" (lots of money, little acclaim) and "Time Limit" (lots of acclaim, not much money). Arthur Mayer, who has often been described as the "dean of the movie industry," author (with Richard Griffith) of the recent book "The Movies" (Simon and Schuster, $15), here discusses some of the shapes and shadows that are determining Hollywood's future.

By ARTHUR MAYER

AN APOCRYPHAL story is going the rounds about a potential patron who called a movie theatre to inquire what hour the next show started. "When can you make it?" asked the manager. With similar, less than subtle jocularity, the usually staid *Wall Street Journal* opens a lengthy analysis of the prevalent box office woes with this gloomy comparison: "In the Hollywood movie, the lovely lass is about to fall off a cliff when the hero arrives in the nick of time. The movie industry is . . . teetering on a cliff, with no certainty it will be saved." And with no pretense whatsoever of humor, or for that matter of accuracy, a recent CBS program on "Hollywood Around the World" announced: "Americans simply do not go to see movies—not even good ones."

On the contrary, "Around the World in Eighty Days" has in only 210 theatrical engagements already amassed box-office receipts of close to 32 million dollars. "The Ten Commandments" is well on its way to establishing an alltime record of over 65 million dollars in worldwide film rentals. Of the nine most popular pictures ever made, all except "Gone With the Wind" have been produced since 1952. Currently, several films such as "The Bridge on the River Kwai," "Peyton Place," "Sayonara," "Old Yeller," "Raintree County," "Don't Go Near the Water," and "A Farewell to Arms" are doing business that would have been regarded as sensational in the movies' most opulent days. Give the public what it wants—don't ask me what it is—and it will not only go to the movies, but it will do so in unprecedented numbers. The former habit of regular weekly attendance, however, has disappeared with this growing selectivity, which should not be confused with growing maturity.

APPROXIMATELY 75 million people went to American movie theatres weekly ten years ago. The commonly quoted figure of 90 million was a figment of a mad publicist's imagination, which by dint of repetition became accepted as a fact. Last

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year's attendance averaged 42,220,000 weekly. This constitutes a startling decline, even taking into consideration the increased admission prices, but nonetheless is more people than go to baseball games, listen to concerts, or own television sets.

Actually, a greater number of Americans are watching movies today than ever before in the fifty-three years that have elapsed since the first nickelodeon took in its first nickel. Unfortunately for the exhibitors and the producers, who still depend on theatre grosses for their groceries, not to mention their Mercedes', swimming pools, and other necessities of Hollywood life, the majority of film patrons are watching them while comfortably and inexpensively seated in their living rooms, rather than less comfortably and more expensively in theatre auditoriums. Sindlinger and Company, the leading authority on motion picture statistics, estimate that "the public is spending four times as many hours looking at old movies on television as it is in attending new ones in theatres."

CONFRONTED by such pessimistic tidings from so reliable a source, it is scarcely surprising that a large percentage of the public is under the impression that Video is about to liquidate the motion picture theatre and, possibly, the entire motion-picture industry. Personally, I do not think anything of this nature is going to happen. The next three years may well require that stiff Anglo-Saxon upper lip, to which the movies have so often paid tribute and so rarely displayed. Out of the ordeal, however, of fire and firing, the closing of theatres no longer necessary and of distribution offices (referred to in the industry as exchanges) that never were necessary; out of mergers, liquidations, and studios reduced in size and number, there will emerge a possibly less profitable, but surely healthier, saner, better organized film business than we have ever previously known.

Thanks to a survey prepared by the Opinion Research Corporation for the Motion Picture Association of America on the size and character of the movie audience, a prophet can rely less on intuition and more on information on this matter. The motion-picture audience is overwhelmingly a youthful one. Seventy-two per cent of the admissions during the survey week were people under thirty years of age; 52 per cent were under twenty. Frequent moviegoing is concentrated in a comparatively minute segment of the population. Those who attend theatres once a week, or oftener, constitute only 15 per cent of the public. Possibly the most serious problem today confronting picture-makers is whether they will follow the course of least resistance, and seek primarily to retain and increase their hold on this small and largely immature group; or whether they will seek to broaden their appeal to a larger and more demanding segment of the public. In other words, will we have more pictures like "Baby Face Nelson" and "Jailhouse Rock" or like "Twelve Angry Men" and "Time Limit"?

In deciding whether to go to the movies, people are more influenced by the story than by the cast. Forty-five per cent ask: "What is the picture about?"; 18 per cent, "Who is in it?" and 20 per cent regard these two elements as equally important. Preferences for single and double features are evenly divided: 50 per cent of the public want one feature with short subjects; 49 per cent want two regular length features. Fifty-four per cent of the public report that their attendance at movies has declined in recent years; 34 per cent go about as often as formerly, and only 8 per cent attend more frequently. Of the 54 per cent who go less frequently, 22 per cent ascribe this to television; only 4 per cent complained of the cost, and only 3 per cent complained that "movies are not as good as they used to be."

Ten years ago, when the first faint rumbles of television began to disturb the air waves of the nation, movie magnates and minions alike pontificated that the American folk were gregarious by nature. They would never, never stay home for their entertainment. Ma wanted to get out of the house, to see and be seen. Pa needed company to really enjoy a belly laugh. Junior wished to hold hands with his girl friend in a darkened balcony, surrounded by his fellows, and not by an unsympathetic older generation. This lack of faith in the omnipotence of Home was as inaccurate as it was unpatriotic. In a comparatively brief period of time, 41,500,000 TV sets have been installed, and the housetops of the land disfigured with antennae, symbolic of the dawn of a new day—or at least of a new night. One television producer alone—Desilu—partially owned by Lucille Ball, purchased the two RKO studios, where once she had worked, and in 1957 produced more film footage than all of the five major motion-picture companies combined. Revue, an MCA subsidiary, has an annual production budget of $70,000,000. Republic Studio is now a hive of Video activity, turning out television subjects in greater quantity, and not much worse quality, than the fifty-two it formerly produced annually for theatrical showing.

It would be oversimplification to hold television wholly responsible for the decline in theatre attendance. The Opinion Research Survey, conducted during the summer of 1957, ascribes to TV a decrease of approximately 20 million theatre patrons weekly. What has happened to the other 30 million, who might be expected with an increased population and unprecedented national prosperity to be going to the movies? Parking fees, baby-sitters, obsolescent theatres are undoubtedly partially responsible for this lost audience. In addition, the current do-it-yourself movement—whether it consists of sailing a boat, building a hi-fi set, or painting a house—is undoubtedly a healthy social manifestation, but a very unhealthy one for motion-picture exhibitors.

But what really rocked, if it did not wreck the industry was the decisive victory of the Government in its anti-trust suit against the major companies. Movie-makers and exhibitors might have adjusted themselves to the consent decrees imposed by a triumphant Department of Justice on the prostrate tycoons, but not at the same time as they were meeting the first brunt of the Video onslaught. These twin disasters reacted upon each other in a manner reminiscent of the remark of the old lady who said: "It's too bad the 1929 Depression and unemployment both had to take place simultaneously."

UNDER the terms of the decrees, the major companies were compelled to divest themselves of their theatre holdings just when the theatres, big and small, circuit and independent, most urgently required their support. No longer were the producers under any economic obligation (and few producers worry unduly about moral obligations any more than exhibitors would have worried had the situation been reversed) to protect the customers with whom they had done business for fifty years; nor were they under pressure because of their investment in a limited number of theatres to furnish a continuous flow of product to all theatres. As a consequence, the number of pictures released by the major companies collapsed from 654 in 1951 to 378 in 1957, an inadequate supply of film to maintain competitive houses with two or three changes of program weekly.

Simultaneously, the decrees abolished block booking, long a bugaboo of blockheaded reformers who were

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under the impression that, once pictures ceased to be sold in groups, the tawdry and trashy ones would automatically be eliminated. Nothing of the sort happened, as the titles of a few of the more successful Bs released in 1957 indicate: "Love Slaves of the Amazon," "I Was a Teenage Werewolf," "Nude Invaders," "The Viking Woman vs. The Sea Serpent," "Attack of the Crab Monsters," "The Curse of Frankenstein."

Once block booking was eliminated, the emphasis turned to a different kind of block—the blockbusters. The industry concentrated its attention not on the intensely risky, but essential task of developing new writers, directors, and stars, but on buying successful books and plays, and reinforcing their box office appeal with celebrated names, regardless of the ravages of time and temperament. Inevitably, the price of stories, dramas, and top performers vaulted to Sputnik heights. This created the anomalous situation of a business whose production costs were increasing 50 per cent, while its receipts were declining close to the same degree.

UNDER our existing tax laws, however, the added remuneration paid to members of the talent guilds did not linger long in their bank accounts. They scarcely needed their agents or analysts to suggest that the loophole of capital gains made it expedient for them to cease to be wage slaves and to become entrepreneurs. As a consequence, in 1957 only 116 pictures were made by the major studios, as compared with 260 independently produced. Bing Crosby, Burt Lancaster, John Wayne, Gregory Peck are today not so much glamorous personalities as incorporated institutions. One of them—Frank Sinatra—reputedly croons an annual $4,000,000 lullaby from his various entertainment enterprises.

Based on the great tradition of the pioneer independents—Goldwyn, Selznick, and Disney—a great deal of wishful thinking has been written about the advantages of independent production: its artistic freedom; its maturity; its courage to film controversial and experimental subjects. One might ask: What independents have had the hardihood to make films like Twentieth Century's "Grapes of Wrath," Warner's "Life of Emile Zola," Metro's "Fury," Paramount's "Lost Weekend," or Columbia's "From Here to Eternity"?

Actually, the present crop of independents, with few exceptions, have never cut the umbilical cord that binds them to the major companies. They are dependent upon their former employers for financing and distribution. Before a camera can roll, their stories, casts, directors, and budgets must be approved by studio or home-office executives—frequently the same men who for many years have been making similar decisions, some right, some wrong, as to how to invest their companies' money.

Moreover, from an industry point of view, independent production has one insuperable handicap. With a few exceptions like Hecht-Hill-Lancaster, who have grown to something approaching major company proportions, with plans for spending $25,000,000 on their productions in 1958, independents cannot indulge in long-range planning. An immediate profit, rather than future welfare, is imperative for their continued existence. The type of starbuilding which marked Metro and Paramount in their halcyon days, with scouts scouring the countryside for promising youngsters, followed by years of careful training, casting, suitable story selection, and continuous rather than intermittent publicity, has almost disappeared from the West Coast. The number of glamorous new film luminaries uncovered since the rise of the independent system is comparatively small, and partially responsible for the industry's present travail.

The younger generation is justifiably an angry one when elderly (at least, in their eyes) gentlemen, such as Gary Cooper or Clark Gable, are cast in the roles of irresistible young lovers. Among last year's most resounding flops were costly, promising productions such as: "Spirit of St. Louis," with Jimmy Stewart; "Love in the Afternoon," with Gary Cooper and Audrey Hepburn; "The Pride and the Passion," with Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, and Sophia Loren; "Designing Woman," with Gregory Peck and Lauren Bacall; "Desk Set," with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. On the other hand, popular young men of limited talents, fresh from radio and television, like Elvis Presley and Pat Boone, scored striking successes in insignificant minor pictures.

With mounting expenses and declining receipts, the bankers who now dictate the fiscal (and some of the production) policies of the leading companies were faced with the alternatives of cutting or entirely eliminating dividends, or selling or renting their old negatives to TV. With little hesitation, they proceeded to cut the throats of their ancient customers, not to mention their own, by disposing of over 8,000 features of pre-1948 vintage. These are now being given away nightly in a bowdlerized form, cut to conform to the time limitations of Video, and interspersed at regular intervals with the advertising spiels of their sponsors. For those of us who happen to be deeply attached to the cinematic masterpieces of the past, what has occurred is equivalent to slashing the Mona Lisa, while announcing that her enigmatic smile is due to her failure to use the correct dentifrice.

The blighting effect on the theatres of the TV showing of old movies became immediately apparent when, in

(*Continued on page 30*)

"Will you accept a deed, signed by Khrushchev himself, for five hundred acres on the moon?"

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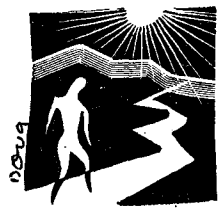
The March to Equality



"The Lonesome Road," by Saunders Redding *(Doubleday. 355 pp. $5.75), presents thirteen Negroes who have been in the vanguard of the march from slavery toward equal rights. Rayford W. Logan, of Howard University, who reviews Dr. Redding's contribution to the Mainstream of America Series, wrote "The Negro in American Life and Thought."*

By Rayford W. Logan

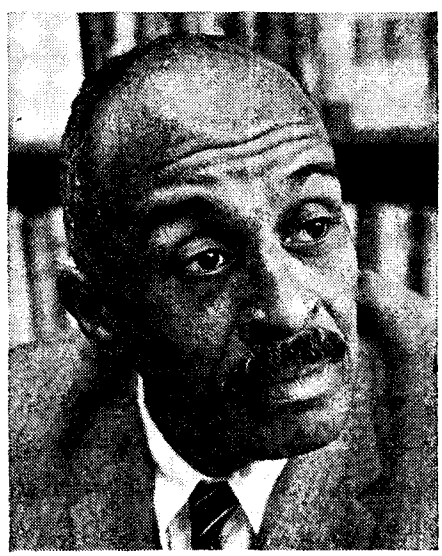
SAUNDERS REDDING, professor of English at Hampton Institute and the author of six notable books about Negroes, has selected a dozen men and one woman as the principal leaders of the march—and sometimes of the retreat—from slavery toward the goal of equal rights. Sojourner Truth, probably the first Negro woman abolitionist, rallied the faltering courage of Frederick Douglass after the Dred Scott Decision when she challenged him in a public meeting: "Frederick, is God dead?" If Redding had not rigidly limited the number of principal leaders, Mary McLeod Bethune and Mary Church Terrell would have merited equally extensive treatment.

The proscriptive laws of South Carolina in the 1830s drove out the pious, free-born Daniel E. Payne. A graduate of the Lutheran Seminary at Gettysburg, he became a bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, a trustee and later president of Wilberforce University, one of the two pre-Civil War denominational institutions for Negroes. Frederick Douglass, a runaway slave, militant and eloquent abolitionist speaker and editor, was the most powerful advocate for equal rights until his death in 1895, the year of Booker T. Washington's famous Atlanta "Compromise" address.

Redding denounces Washington's "soft-speaking conformity and sheer opportunism," his covert control of several Negro newspapers, his opposition to trade unions *qua* unions as well as to their hostility to Negro workers. But Washington won "time and leniency in which to go on fighting" for equality. Redding's appraisal of Isaiah T. Montgomery is even more pitiless than that of Washington. Montgomery, a rich Mississippi planter, approved the provision in the Mississippi Constitution of 1890 which disfranchised most Negroes and continued the suffrage of many whites. As Washington did later, Montgomery urged, "We got to keep powerful [white] friends."

W. E. B. Du Bois, an authentic American radical during most of his life—he was ninety on February 23, 1958—definitely launched in his classic "The Souls of Black Folk" (1903), his campaign against Washington's compromises. But even Du Bois reluctantly accepted a separate training camp for Negro officers in World War I and urged Negroes to forget their special grievances until the war was over.

Redding clearly reveals the personal, professional, and political divisiveness among Negroes that was sometimes acerbated by a clash of color. Dr. Daniel Williams, who was almost white, founded Provident Hospital in Chicago in 1891, "the country's first interracial hospital"; in July, 1893, he performed the "first" successful operation on the human heart. One of his most bitter enemies was the dark brown Dr. George Hall. But when Williams was head of Freedman's Hospital in Washington, some near-white Negro physicians used their political influence after McKinley's election in 1896 to make Williams resign. Hall and the mulatto Booker T. Washington hounded Williams after his return to Chicago until Williams "resigned from the Negro race." But he bequeathed $8,000 to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Marcus Garvey, the Jamaica-born black chauvinist *par excellence*, and the Provisional President-General of Africa, carried on a vendetta especially with Du Bois, but found it expedient to employ several mulatto associates. The coal-black Robert S. Abbott, founder (1905) and editor of the Chicago *Defender*, refused to allow Booker T. Washington to buy into the *Defender* and generally supported Du Bois. Despite these crosscurrents, Garvey's black chauvinism fanned, to a disputed degree, the flame of the Negro Renaissance which glowed most brightly, and ironically enough, in *The New Negro*, which was edited by Alain Locke, in 1925.



Saunders Redding—". . . work to do."

A. Philip Randolph rightfully emerges as one of the ablest leaders. His twelve-year fight with the Pullman Company won recognition of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. It was his calm, unwavering leadership of the threatened March-on-Washington Movement which (coupled with the German invasion of Russia) led to Roosevelt's Executive Order 8802 (June 25, 1941) against discrimination in defense industries by government, management, and labor.

Of all the present-day former leaders, Paul Robeson and Joe Louis must be the most lonely. Thurgood Marshall deserves the high praise that Redding bestows upon him, but I wish that the author could have given equal space to some of Marshall's predecessors and co-workers, particularly Charles Houston, William Hastie, and Walter White, who was for so many years secretary of the NAACP.

Some white men and women also walked the lonesome road—Garrison, Moorefield Storey, Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Stanton, June Swisshelm, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others.

Redding has achieved an excellent synthesis of the "great men" and the "great events." He cautions us, in the words of Thurgood Marshall after the Supreme Court decision of May 17, 1954: "The war's not over yet. We've still got work to do." "The Lonesome Road" should be an enduring and honorable member of the Mainstream of America Series and a valuable guide to those who want all Americans to row together in the nation's sometimes murky waters.

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—Woodcut caricature (Bettmann).

"In the office of the *Evening World*—Joseph Pulitzer: 'I must confess that that confounded *Evening Sun* is getting a little strong for my eyes.'"

One Man's Soapbox

***"Park Row," by Allen Churchill** (Rinehart. 344 pp. $4.95), is an account of the days at the turn of the century when there were journalistic behemoths. Dramatist Russel Crouse, who reviews the book, was for more than twenty years a reporter and columnist for metropolitan newspapers among them the defunct* New York Globe *and* New York Evening Mail.

By Russel Crouse

THE benefits journalism has derived from America's triumph in mass production—in this case it would be mass-reproduction—are highly dubious. Traveling across the country today one may purchase a newspaper at every stop—plane, train, or bus—and find himself reading in each the same canned news, the same deep-frozen columnists, and, by making an occasional transposition of the words Republican and Democratic, the same editorials. It is mass monotony.

To encounter in Allen Churchill's "Park Row" the journalistic behemoths of the turn of the century in this country is to realize what great color has been drained out of our newspapers by the age of syndication.

"A newspaper is one man's soapbox," St. John Ervine wrote in one of his plays. He was speaking, of course, of those earlier days which have attracted the attention of Mr. Churchill, days when individual newspapers were owned by individuals, despots all, some benevolent, which is the best kind of despot, and some almost maniacal. It was a day when editors were potentates who sent reporters out into the world of news, at times as knights in shining armor, at others as adventurers in cloaks with or without daggers.

This golden—or *yellow*—age, depending on the angle from which you view its aggressive coloration, began when a young, sensitive, feverish Hungarian immigrant came to New York by way of St. Louis to take over a moribund newspaper and make of it a sensational, in the true sense of the word, success. His name was Joseph Pulitzer and the newspaper was the *New York World*. The end of the era came into view a quarter of a century later when a quiet young man from Tennessee took over another anemic New York journal and proceeded to restore the presentation of news to the sanity of straightforward reporting. The man was Adolph Ochs and the newspaper was, and still is, *The New York Times*.

The years between represent the heyday of Park Row, a short thoroughfare in lower New York, truly a street of adventure then, all but forgotten now. During that span newspapers and newspapermen crashed coronation ceremonies uninvited, rescued pretty girls from oppressors' prisons, covered and were even accused of starting wars, set out to discover the Poles, North and South, and in one case penetrated the dark jungle to find a long-lost explorer—Dr. Livingstone, you presume.

All of these febrile activities were dictated and dominated by personalities. Joseph Pulitzer picked New York journalism up by the scruff of the neck in 1883 and shook it until it became alive. His *New York World* was a crusading newspaper from the time he stepped into its city room until its untimely death in 1931.

A DECADE after its instantaneous success another figure came out of the West—this one from San Francisco. William Randolph Hearst brought as much enterprise to the field as his predecessor but not the same depth of journalistic character. His *New York Journal* swayed the crusade to one for circulation rather than causes.

And the third member of his group which ruled New York newspaperdom for so many years was perhaps the most frenetic of all. An eccentric to begin with—he loved to walk through restaurants and pull tablecloths out from under dinners—James Gordon Bennett, Jr., turned the *New York Herald* into a developing ground for his whims, editing the paper for months at a time from his yacht.

Throughout the tale of this fitful era appear great names—Richard Harding Davis, David Graham Phillips, Stephen Crane, James Creelman, Bill Nye, Arthur Brisbane, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Beatrice Fairfax, Maximilian Foster, Albert Payson Terhune, Irvin S. Cobb, Herbert Bayard Swope, Frederic Remington, George Luks, R. F. Outcault, Rudolph Dirks, "Tad" Dorgan—the people who wrote the stories or drew the pictures that made journalistic history.

Mr. Churchill writes vividly and well of these fantastic times with a genuinely romantic appreciation of all the assets and a truly realistic appraisal of the debits. "Park Row" is rewarding reading.

15% of the Future

***"Madison Avenue, U.S.A.," by Martin Mayer** (Harper. 332 pp. $4.95), is an exposition of who does what in advertising, with particular reference to the agency business. Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr., former head of NBC, appraises the book for us.*

By Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr.

MARTIN MAYER has done a brilliant job in "Madison Avenue, U.S.A." I am sure professional advertising men like myself will hail it as a most knowledgeable, fascinating, and fair exposition of much of our world. It is uncommonly lucid in telling the basic story of what advertising is, how it is created, how it is placed, how it is researched, and who does all the different jobs. Mr. Mayer communicates the excitement and complexities of the business well.

Basically, Mr. Mayer writes of the agency business in advertising. This is as it should be because the advertising agency business is advertising. And the pages of direct quotations from agency leaders, new and old, with their well-known but little-publicized conflict of views, make must reading for anyone in the business, as well as for anyone who wants to understand the American scene.

Mr. Mayer demonstrates as a reporter that he has grasped not only

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the mechanics of advertising operation, which are complicated, but also the sincerity, by and large, with which the leaders of advertising work their hard and heavy schedules.

Young people who are thinking about advertising as a career, should read this book to get a feeling of the various agencies, large and small, and the personalities of the major advertising figures. Of course, a single book cannot cover either all the agencies or even treat the different figures with comparable space.

By the same token the needs of brevity have dictated the book's weaknesses. A fully-rounded picture of advertising would include major sections on media, particularly television. The television section discusses ratings and offers a brief picture of current network practices that in no way represents the major battle by some of us in television to build an instrument that is flexible, useful, and valuable to all interests.

Near the end of the book Mr. Mayer observes that "there seems to be only one civilized cultural opinion on advertising and most of its work: a rousing, roaring thumbs-down. The great bulk of advertising is culturally repulsive to anyone with any developed sensitivity. So, of course, are most movies and television shows, most popular music, and a surprisingly high proportion of published books." He goes on to blame that old friend and bogeyman, the lowest common denominator, although not by name. Actually, in this chapter Mr. Mayer is putting forward an ingenious theory that by adding a quality to products that the user experiences and gains from, advertising adds real, experienceable value.

I believe that many thinking men and women are coming to realize the really revolutionary role that advertising and the mass media have been and are playing in our society. Since the First World War we have seen a dramatic mutation in society, still in process. The motivation for that change, to many of us, is the picture of what man can have if he will work and save and solve problems and even spend to get that world. This we call our incentive system, unique in history. Under its impact we are moving from a society of status to a truly democratic society. And such a society must have a huge area of uniformity, in dress, customs, language, to allow groups within the society to intermingle without feelings of fear or inferiority. This uniformity is fortunately created through the mass media. The scholarly understanding of this process is already under way.

PRESIDENTS

America's Young Hercules

***"Theodore Roosevelt: A Biography," by Carleton Putnam** (Scribners. 626 pp. $10), is the first volume in a projected tetralogy. This book, telling TR's story to his twenty-eighth year, is reviewed by Hermann Hagedorn, author of "The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill" and editor of "The Americanism of Theodore Roosevelt."*

By Hermann Hagedorn

HISTORY is always being rewritten, and there is no such thing as a definitive biography of any figure who has caught and held the popular imagination. But there are historical or biographical undertakings which, once competently planned and carried through, never have to be done again. The initial volume of Mr. Carleton Putnam's projected four-volume biography of Theodore Roosevelt represents an undertaking of that sort. This able airline-executive-turned-biographer has done a job of research away beyond anything of the sort done by any other biographer of Theodore Roosevelt. On every aspect of Mr. Roosevelt's story to his twenty-eighth year, Mr. Putnam will be collecting footnote-tribute from his successors so long as TR continues to speak to the American heart and conscience, or stir the pulses of American youth; and that is likely to be quite a while.

Theodore Roosevelt in his teens—". . . high-spirited."

Fully revealed for the first time, in these pages, is the story of Mr. Roosevelt's ardent courtship of Alice Lee. Through diaries heretofore closed to scholars the shadowy figure of Mr. Roosevelt's first wife comes glowingly to life. Intelligent, pretty, and vivacious, gay, elusive, and tender, she completely captivated the brilliant twenty-year-old Harvard junior. The rapture and the agonies of first love are here, bathed in the glow of youth's assurance that such joy as these two knew must, of course, go on to lifelong, ever-deepening happiness. The tragedy of its early ending has in it an ironic note. Would the adorable child, that Alice Lee was, ever have matured to the point where she could have been the companion, the mother, the challenge, and the balance-wheel that Edith Carow became, and that Theodore Roosevelt required for his own maturing? No research will ever uncover the answer to that query. Meanwhile, one is grateful for the living presence in the TR saga, at last, of this lovely and adored wife of his growing years.

APART from the Alice Lee story and the revealing details of Mr. Roosevelt's boyhood, Mr. Putnam's most original contribution to TR biographical literature is the portrait he paints of this high-spirited and purposeful young man, in spite of blunders that would have destroyed the effectiveness of lesser men, somehow finding himself, by virtue of his hard practical sense, innate humility, and boundless capacity to learn.

A book as long as this, and as packed with detail, might easily hide the forest behind the solid wall of the trees. The fact that it doesn't is a tribute to Mr. Putnam's narrative skill. The successive episodes—boyhood and youth, New York Assembly and the ranching years—are alive with the personality of this emerging Hercules and illuminated by the author's obvious caring and discriminating respect for his subject. Regarding the Bad Lands episode, a pioneer in the field forty years ago cheerfully agrees with Professor John M. Blum

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of Yale that the dramatic story has never been so well told.

It is a pity that these three episodes, each of book-length, should have been packed into a single volume. A biography in eight, rather than the projected four, volumes might have raised serious problems, but none surely so serious as the problem of making this three-pound book acceptable as entertainment rather than as a quarry out of which future biographers may, with a bow to Mr. Putnam, raise their own less notable structures.

It deserves a better fate. Not only is the book immensely entertaining; it presents the young Theodore Roosevelt in a three-dimensional portrait that is infinitely engaging.

Scholar in Action

"Woodrow Wilson," by Arthur Walworth *(Longmans, Green. Vol. I: "American Prophet." 436 pp. Vol. II: "World Prophet." 439 pp. Boxed, $15), represents ten years' distillation of Wilsoniana, including much new material, some provided by Mrs. Wilson. The result is appraised by Raymond B. Fosdick, Under-Secretary General of the League of Nations from 1919-1920.*

By Raymond B. Fosdick

WITH the exception of Ray Stannard Baker's ground-breaking work, and Arthur S. Link's monumental undertaking, as yet unfinished, these two volumes by Arthur Walworth probably represent the most ambitious and comprehensive biography of Woodrow Wilson thus far attempted. They are based on exhaustive research, covering ten years, of all the manuscript and printed sources now available, including the House papers at Yale and the vast collections in the Library of Congress, together with many subsidiary sources.

The result is a work of outstanding interest, enriched by significant new material, and lighted by fresh perspective. The titles of the two volumes —"American Prophet" and "World Prophet"—show where the author's sympathies lie, but he is singularly objective in his approach. Although he tells the story of Wilson's fight for his ideals at Princeton and Paris with warm understanding, he makes no attempt to gloss over the mistakes —some of them tragic in their consequences—or play down the personal flaws and weaknesses which handicapped the career of this amazing man.

The figures that emerge from these volumes are sharply etched, not so much by Mr. Walworth's characterizations as by the facts he presents:

Woodrow Wilson—". . . fun-loving."

Colonel House, frail, soft-voiced, fundamentally loyal, but confident that he knows the answers better than Wilson; Bryan, kindly, inept, evangelical, and confused by the fog of war into which he is projected; McAdoo, able, capable of anger, and unexpectedly handicapped by the fact that he is Wilson's son-in-law; Lansing, fidgety, irresolute, and resentful; Tumulty, wise in the ways of the world, shrewd, warmhearted, and completely devoted to his chief; Baruch, competent, giving advice straight from the shoulder, "true to the bone," in Wilson's phrase; and, above all, the two Mrs. Wilsons, with their diverse personalities and contrasting ideas and methods.

And Wilson himself steps out of the pages, a scholar in action, a prophet touched by fire, with unmatched ability to persuade and move the hearts of listeners. In two years he marches triumphantly from the presidency of Princeton to the Presidency of the United States. He is confident, scornful of compromise, with stubborn tenacity of faith and constancy of courage. And yet he is fun-loving, too, and one of the best aspects of Mr. Walworth's narrative is that it successfully recaptures the wit and sparkle of Wilson in his relations with his associates.

But nevertheless the President is a lonely man, outwardly cold and aloof, if inwardly molten passion. Speaking before the National Press Club in Washington in 1914, he confesses in a candid bit of self-portraiture that he sometimes feels like "a fire from a far from extinct volcano." And he drives himself, ultimately to his death, in pursuit of the high purposes which claim his allegiance. In the end, a broken man, sitting in a wheel chair in his home on S Street in Washington, he is still protesting the charge of idealism made against the League of Nations. "The world is run by its ideals," he exclaims. "Only the fool thinks otherwise."

Mr. Walworth has done an excellent job of research, condensation, and arrangement, but one serious fault of his volumes, it seems to me, is the inadequacy of their documentation. The author states in his foreword that they are intended for students as well as general readers, but students are going to find them less than satisfactory, and even to serious readers they are bound to prove somewhat baffling. In spite of generous footnotes, citations for many important statements and quotations are missing. And who are the anonymous friends or associates to whom Wilson's remarks are so often addressed? The author goes even farther. He has Wilson walking across the campus at Princeton, after a talk to a group of undergraduates, muttering, "Damn their eyes!" Or he describes Wilson at the end of the peace conference in these words: "[He] shifted a little in his chair. He felt the blood rushing to his head. He knew that to get a League of Nations he had sacrificed many of his ideals."

Statements like these are significant, and I presume the author can cite chapter and verse to back them up. But it would have been more in accord with accepted standards of scholarship if he had shared his information with his readers.

Nevertheless, these volumes are an important addition to the vast body of literature that is growing up about one of the most complex and challenging characters of our time. If his end was tragedy, as Mr. Walworth implies, it was the kind of tragedy out of which great events emerge in human affairs.

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Top Writers' Talk

"Writers at Work: The Paris Review Interviews," edited by Malcolm Cowley *(Viking Press. 309 pp. $5), records what sixteen prominent authors think about life and their calling. John Barkham, editor of the Saturday Review Book Service for Newspapers, assesses the collection.*

By John Barkham

"THIS is the best series of interviews with writers of our time that I have read in English." With this no-nonsense accolade Malcolm Cowley, not a critic given to hyperbole, ushers into book form sixteen of the literary interviews which have made *The Paris Review* the best-known journal of its kind in the English language. Those of us who read these interviews when they first appeared will be glad to have them between hard covers. Those who know them not are urged to measure Mr. Cowley's praise against the book.

As one who has done some interviewing of authors in his time, let me say at once that these interviews are very much *sui generis*, having nothing in common with the routine obsequious, oleaginous, "how-did-you-come-to-write-this" colloquy. The questioners, working usually in pairs, approach their subject in a spirit of high seriousness, and the questions range over the whole field of literature, with particular emphasis on the author's own corpus of work. Questions and answers are fully recorded.

Primarily *The Paris Review* is interested in the writer's personal philosophy, but the discussions are free as air and range over influences, methods, work habits, private enthusiasms, and the like. All of the sixteen persons interviewed—E. M. Forster, François Mauriac, Joyce Cary, Dorothy Parker, James Thurber, Thornton Wilder, William Faulkner, Georges Simenon, Frank O'Connor, Robert Penn Warren, Alberto Moravia, Nelson Algren, Angus Wilson, William Styron, Truman Capote, and Françoise Sagan—have this in common: the printed word is their whole *raison d'être* as artists. But no two think and work alike.

Faulkner is categorical in his attitudes. "The writer's only responsibility is to his art: he will be completely ruthless if he is a good one." E. M. Forster, that *éminence grise* of the novel, is mild by comparison. "In no book have I got down more than the people I like, the person I think I am, and the people who irritate me. This puts me among the large body of authors who are not really novelists and have to get on as best they can with these three categories."

Faulkner has never had inhibitions in talking about his craft. It was in the course of this interview that he made the much-quoted remark: "You should approach Joyce's 'Ulysses' as the illiterate Baptist preacher approached the Old Testament—with faith." Faulkner's own faith in the American literary tradition extends back in a clear line: "Sherwood Anderson was the father of my generation of American writers. Dreiser is his older brother, and Mark Twain the father of them both." For the critics he hasn't much time. "The ones who want to be writers read the reviews, the ones who want to write don't have the time to read reviews." The critics, indeed, buzz through these pages like hornets. The writer who has been stung yelps in pain. "I don't read the critics," says Nelson Algren sourly. "I doubt if anyone does, except other critics." (These are almost the identical words used by James Jones about his own recent encounter with the critics.)

William Styron appears in this company largely on the strength of a single virtuoso performance, "Lie Down in Darkness," for whose successor we have long been scanning the horizon. Surprisingly enough, he repudiates the Southern literary tradition in which his novel is drenched, although he admits its existence. I was much taken by his vision of a Faulkner born in California instead of Mississippi. "He might still have the universal quality of mind, but instead of writing 'Light in August' he would have gone into television or written universal ads for Jantzen bathing suits."

Every page in this book crackles with quotes—Wilder elevating the theatre as "art now," Faulkner valuing the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" above any number of old ladies, Truman Capote picturing himself as "a horizontal author," Frank O'Connor attributing "all good literature in America to New England," and so on. I wish the interviewers had delved a little more deeply into actual writing techniques, such as the means employed by their subjects to commit their thoughts to paper. Conrad Aiken, for example, once told me that he had long ago worked out a theory that writing in longhand yielded a more supple, resilient prose than composing on a typewriter.

Not all literary lions are worth meeting outside their books, but these emphatically are. A low bow to *The Paris Review* and its interviewers for their intelligent job.

Pick of the Paperbacks

OPIUM: THE DIARY OF A CURE. *By Jean Cocteau. Translated by Margaret Crosland. Evergreen.* $1.75. In the course of Cocteau's confinement, in 1928, to be rid of the opium habit, he ruminated upon his addiction, the theater, literature and his literary friends. Illustrated by the author's line drawings.

THE STAR-GAZER. *By Zsolt de Harsanyi. Translated by Paul Tabor. Universal.* $1.25. Renaissance Italy is the rich background for this biographical novel about astronomer Galileo.

SAPPHO. *Translated by Mary Barnard. University of California.* $1.25. This new translation includes almost all the extant works of Greece's great poet.

CHINESE ART. *By William Willetts. Pelican. 2 vols.* $1.50 each. The art forms of China, calligraphy, ceramics, painting, architecture, are related to four thousand years of Chinese political and social history. Illustrated.

AFRICAN SCULPTURE. *By Ladislas Segy. Dover.* $2. The sculpture of Africa interpreted in relation to the anthropology, psychology, and religious practices of primitive tribes. Amply illustrated.

THE WHITE UMBRELLA: INDIAN POLITICAL THOUGHT. *By D. Mackenzie Brown. University of California Press.* $1.50. This study in political thought, from Manu to Gandhi, presents illuminating insights into present-day India.

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Master Planning of a Master

"Dickens at Work," by John Butt and Kathleen Tillotson *(Essential Books. 238 pp. $6.25), analyzes the documents that demonstrate the novelist's own consciousness of his intentions. Edgar Johnson, who reviews the study, wrote "Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph."*

By Edgar Johnson

A GENERATION ago the orthodox view of Dickens was that despite his comic genius—unhappily tainted, whenever he grew serious, by a weakness for melodrama and bathos—his was a wild, undisciplined exuberance devoid of craftsmanship. His work defied the canons of realism that then dominated the novel. His characters were supposed to be caricatures, his narratives shapeless improvisations that only by luck and coincidence scrambled to some kind of conclusion. He was a gifted literary lunatic who lisped in periodical numbers, for the numbers came.

G. K. Chesterton, who adored Dickens, tried to defend him against this harsh critical wind by claiming that he did not write novels at all, but some indeterminate genre of his own; "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Our Mutual Friend," said Chesterton, were not novels, but merely "lengths cut from the mixed and flowing substance of Dickens." Even in Dickens's lifetime there were those who were blind to the carefulness of his structure. A periodical critic, toward the conclusion of "Little Dorrit," suggested that the collapse of Mrs. Clennam's house, burying Rigaud in its ruins, had dawned on Dickens's mind as a means of getting rid of his villain, only as a result of the recent crash of a row of tenements. (Dickens, in reply, pointing out how painstakingly he had prepared for the catastrophe by repeated hints from the first number on, sardonically conjectured that the whole critique was merely a "Typographical Error in the *Edinburgh Review.*")

But yesterday's dogmas are today's delusions. Dostoevsky, Lawrence, and Kafka have taught us to see reality where earlier readers saw only distortion. Bernard Shaw throughout his life insisted on the veracity of Dickens's vision; Santayana exclaimed, "When people say Dickens exaggerates it seems to me that they have no eyes and ears. They probably have only *notions* of what things and people are." Edmund Wilson emphasized Dickens's marvelous use of poetic symbolism and metaphor. A host of other appreciative critics have followed in his wake. And now come Professor John Butt and Mrs. Kathleen Tillotson, in "Dickens at Work," analyzing, like Professor Sylvère Monod's "Dickens Romancier," the evidence of Dickens's own consciousness of his intentions. Among their sources are his manuscripts and the notes in the "numbers plans" that accompanied them, as well as his letters and the revelatory instructions he gave Hablôt Knight Browne for the cover designs and illustrations. These document beyond question his constant and growing preoccupation with structure and design, his concern for style and atmosphere, and his steadily increasing mastery of them all.

Professor Butt and Mrs. Tillotson modestly claim to deal with "Dickens's craft rather than his art," but they rightly say that their work illumines his "greatness as a creative artist." They demonstrate how repeatedly he revised "Sketches by Boz" between their earliest appearances and their final form in the "Cheap Edition" of 1850, polishing, removing topicalities, making stylistic improvements. They reveal "Pickwick" discovering its shape in the process of composition. They point out how carefully Dickens lays down the clues for the Haredale-Rudge murder mystery in "Barnaby Rudge." They show how plainly the very cover design prepared while the first number of "Dombey and Son" was still being written hints the entire course of the story: with precariously balanced ledgers and cash boxes leading up on the left to where Mr. Dombey sits enthroned, while the society wedding in one corner images his marriage to Edith Granger, and then descending through the tumbling house of cards on the right to the broken-down figure at the bottom against an ocean of shipwreck and storm, which symbolizes his bankruptcy and ruin.

The most detailed presentation, that of "David Copperfield," running to sixty-three pages, gives all nineteen of the number plans. Its analysis reveals that the very opening instalment prepares for the three main themes of the novel. As early as the second number Dickens is preparing for the ultimate fate of Steerforth, as early as the fifth he has identified Agnes Wickfield (not Dora Spenlow, who does not appear till the ninth) as "the real heroine." And in number eleven he foreshadows the final number, with the great storm scene at Yarmouth, in which Ham Peggotty and Steerforth are to perish.

Other chapters deal with the integration of the various lines of social criticism in "Bleak House," the solution of the problem of presenting episodes and characters in the short weekly instalments of "Hard Times" (roughly one-quarter the length of a monthly number), and the thematic unity of "Little Dorrit." I know of no more useful work of textual criticism devoted to Dickens. It is to be hoped that there will be a sequel dealing with the other novels.

With the publication of "The Uncommercial Traveller, Reprinted Pieces, etc," the twenty-one volume ***"New Oxford Illustrated Dickens"*** (Oxford, $3.50 each; $70 set) series has been completed. An essay by such noted Dickensians as Sir Osbert Sitwell, Dame Sybil Thorndike, and Humphry House provides an introduction to each book. The entire set is amply illustrated by the Victorian drawings of "Phiz," Cruickshank, and others. The figures above are "Phiz" drawings for, left to right, "Little Dorrit," "The Pickwick Papers," and "Nicholas Nickleby."

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The Saturday Review

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No Exit

Editor's Note: *One year ago* The Saturday Review *published an article under the title "The Man Who Didn't Come to Dinner." It told of a visit to the Union of South Africa and of an episode involving the murder of Henry Nxumalo, a leading African journalist. One of the persons mentioned in the article was Nxumalo's colleague, William Modisane, who wrote music and literary criticism for the magazine* Drum. *The article spoke of Mr. Modisane's hope that he might be able to come with his family to live in the United States.*

After the article appeared, a professor and his wife at Stanford University wrote to William Modisane, offering to underwrite his trip to the United States out of their savings. Mr. Modisane gratefully accepted and proceeded to take the steps involved in acquiring the necessary passport papers. Now, after almost a year of futility and frustration in this effort, Mr. Modisane wrote to SR's *editor, saying he had just about given up hope. It was such a striking letter that* SR's *editor hoped there might be some way of sharing it with the readers. Mr. Modisane urged him to do so, feeling strongly that the facts should be made known.*

DEAR SIR:

I'm still holed up in South Africa, and for once I can state that I'm responsible. But I don't feel bad about it. In fact, I think I'm darned pleased about it. If this starts to read like a fast line of double-talk, then I guess I better come through with the explanations.

We should have taken off from this place on January 4. On this day (January 8) we should have been in Rome. On December 20 last I went round to talk to the police of the Security Branch Headquarters in Pretoria. This is the department that had put in an unfavorable report [*concerning his passport*].

A Colonel Pretorius, second top brass in the Security Branch, laid it on thick; gave me a lecure on morals and a whole lot of other stuff because I was involved in the "church story." A couple of years ago the editor of *Drum*, in conference, had decided on a "church story," to investigate whether black Christians and white Christians were in actual fact "Brothers in Christ." Dan Themba and I got the assignment. With Bible in hand and an appropriate black suit I visited over fifteen churches where white Christians worship. You may have read about it.

In the "Seventh Day Adventist" Church the elders bundled the black intruder into a car and drove Dan Themba to a police station where they pressed charges of trespass. The week before I had been "politely" asked to leave after I had sneaked in through a side door just before the beginning of the service. Of the fifteen churches I visited I was accepted and welcomed into about four. In an Afrikaans Church in Langlaagte, Johannesburg, they closed the doors and called the Security Police. That's how my name got into their files.

At the interview with Pretorius I was told that I should have known it was wrong for me to have accepted that assignment. That I should have refused it. I told him I was a journalist and did not decide the policy of the paper. Didn't my conscience tell me it was wrong? he asked. I knew the set-up in the country. Didn't I know better than to go to white churches and cause disturbances? He took off on this strain, pointing out the immorality of it all. For a moment he almost made me feel like a worm.

Then came the big pay-off. He would be quite willing to reverse his recommendations if I played ball. I should dictate to a stenographer all the details surrounding the story: Why I accepted the assignment, pointing out that I had to choose between my job and doing the story; naming all the people involved in the story, the role each person played in it, why it was done, the motives, what was to be gained by it, who assigned me to do it. After signing on the dotted line he would appeal to the Department of the Interior to grant me a passport.

My voice trembled somewhat when I told him that, although going to America meant almost everything to me, I wouldn't sell my soul for it. I didn't want the passport that badly. He advised me not to be too hasty, to think about it. He referred me to Major Spengler, the Johannesburg head of the Security Police. Just for kicks I went round to see the Major on December 23. This one tried a new approach. Why should I be reluctant to sign that affidavit? I wouldn't be implicating anybody, as they already knew all the people involved. You must look after yourself, he advised. Do you think those people (my paper) would bother to protect you? If you want to succeed in this world then your own welfare must come first.

Sometimes, when I think of what my new life in America would have been, the big break of being a free man, I feel a few moments of apprehension about my decision not to sign the affidavit. But that soon gives way when I picture myself lying awake nights facing my guilty conscience. Then I know I couldn't decide any other way. And everything is right again.

I know it's wrong to hate the way I do at the moment, but a big chunk of my life has been snatched away by these little men. But I'll get over it, for just as a man cannot live in fear he cannot feel hate too long without staining his soul. I believe in myself and in my friends. I believe in the better world that many men around the world are striving for: a world without hate, a world of justice for all men. I cling like a fanatic to this, because if I don't I feel I'll go mad or shoot myself. Hope is all I have right now, and when my shock burns out I hope to have used up the hate that is temporarily blinding me.

My one hope is trying for a British

(*Continued on page* 27)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GUTS AND MIND

"NAME YOUR HEROES" (*SR* Feb. 22) was tops. The best leaders, in my opinion, are the ones who are creative or who use the creative minds of others. Today the major need is for a creative and understanding mind—followed by guts.

BENJAMIN T. SMITH.

Chicago, Ill.

STORY-BOOK HEROES

I WONDER why *SR* limited the choice of heroes to real people. Many people on your list are the creators of heroes rather than heroes themselves. This is not splitting the hair. My point is, if we are choosing a hero to hang our hopes on, heroic images—which are often nobler than real-life heroes—are most suitable candidates. In the final analysis, we admire the courage of the Greek tragic figures, the sweetness of Schubert's quartets, and majesty of Milton's poetry. Are not these far more substantial than the fact that "Dante loved one city, Florence, and one woman, Beatrice?" It is sad enough that modern people too frequently surrender to facts of life. It will be even sadder if we must also reject story-book heroes.

TSUNG-YUEN SHEN.

Cohasset, Mass.

AMBITIOUS FURIOSOS

TO CONSIDER the "Furiosos" ineligible because they "scarred history" is the ultimate in second-guessing. "Furiosos" like Lenin and Napoleon were devoted to the realization of huge ambitions and showed unusual courage in their successes and failures.

EDWARD A. BRYAN.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHERE'S JOAN?

THE FACT that six out of *SR*'s forty are military heroes indicates too great an emphasis on the arts of war. Of the five women included, Mary of Scotland and Florence Nightingale are curious figures: Mary might qualify under glamour, but certainly not under achievement; and Florence Nightingale's work seems to me limited. Joan of Arc, however, certainly belongs in the group; she has glamour, achievement, and even moral strength.

VIVIAN C. HOPKINS.

Troy, N. Y.

SHALL I?

I HAVE BEEN reading John Ciardi's review of Archibald MacLeish's "J.B." (*SR* Mar. 8). I have not read the play itself. But I was caught up by the quoted line, "Every sore I seen I remember!" It is—in its way—a masterpiece. It is rarely given to anyone to write a line of such sublime bathos. It reminds me of the line written by a servant-girl and told by, I believe, Edmund Gosse to E. F. Benson. The girl wound up a plaintive appeal to the moon by wondering "Shall I ever behold thy behind?"

KIRK BOND.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"First or second round?"

DROWNING SICK CATS

IT'S ABOUT time someone shouted for Archibald MacLeish. "J.B." could only have been created by a great poet such as MacLeish is. Now, Mr. MacLeish, may your voice drown out all those sick cats on those awful hot tinny rooftops.

AL NOTARBARTOLO.

Fort Bragg, N. C.

GLUBB AND THE ANGELS

AS ONE WHO has seen some of the mutilated bodies of Israeli soldiers killed by the Arab Legion during the 1948 war, I shudder at Glubb Pasha's description of his men as "angelic" (*SR* Feb. 22). His rationalizations on the part he played in Middle East conflicts make me shudder further when read in the light of the remark that "his life and his work have been on the Lord's side."

AHUVA BEN-AMRAM.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIX-POINTED STARS

I FOUND THE comments by Mr. Richard Harwell concerning the Southern Battle Flag (TRADE WINDS, *SR* Mar. 8) very interesting. There is one hanging in the Library at the University of Alabama that was carried by a local unit. This flag is a nice, comfortable, oblong shape. But the peculiar thing about it is that the stars are six-pointed.

J. ANDERSON DAVIS,
Associate Professor of Economics, Mississippi State College.

State College, Miss.

PAY, NOT PRAISE

FRANK G. JENNINGS in his article "Most Dangerous Profession" (*SR* Mar. 8) dangerously exaggerates. The teacher can in some measure stimulate and encourage the child's growth. But she cannot shape it. The school-age child already has a mind and personality that resist shaping. There is a real danger in idealizing our teachers and what they can do. Too much will be asked, and too little given. Let's pay them, not praise them.

DAVID ELKIND.

Boston, Mass.

SANDBURG SCHEME

MAY I CALL YOUR attention to the Walter Reuther scheme in Carl Sandburg's lines in "The People, Yes," in his "Complete Poems," published 1936?

> After allowing for items to protect future operation
> every cut in production cost should be shared
> with the consumers in lower prices
> with the workers in higher wages
> thus stabilizing buying power
> and guarding against recurrent collapses.

GEORGE R. VAN ALLEN.

Holicong, Pa.

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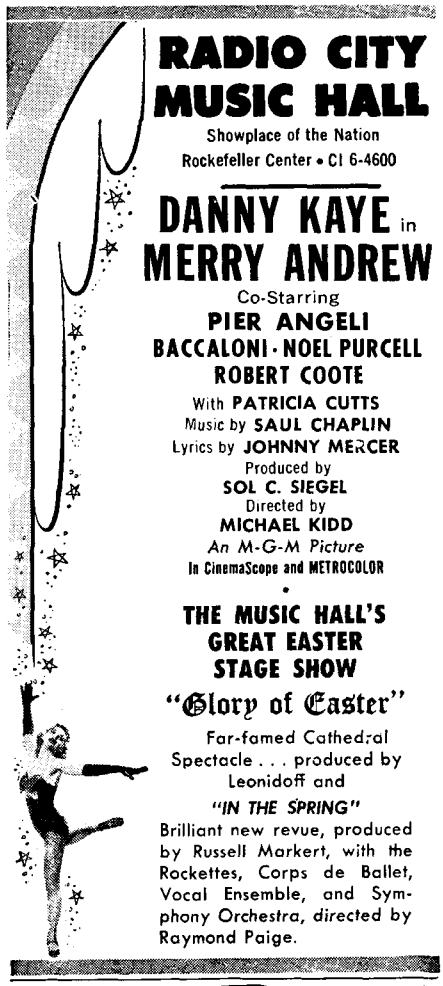

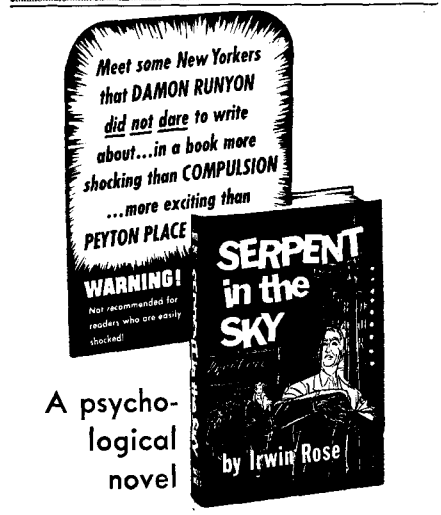

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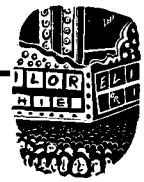

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

On Making Merry

IF DANNY KAYE is not the best comedian in films today (and you probably won't have too many arguments on that score), certainly he is the hardest working. His natural gifts for mimicry and buffoonery he has sharpened through years of trouping in *bistros* and *borscht*-belt *palazzos*, by appearances in vaudeville, camp shows, and, most recently, as guest conductor with leading symphony orchestras. He has learned to sing and to dance, mastered both acrobatics and the art of the baton. But, what is far more important, he has also learned to use his many talents not merely to make people laugh but to make people happy. His work last year for the United Nations, his work this year for the symphonies is more than either charity or humanitarianism. They are his way of making life better for more people.

Inevitably, some of these qualities come through into his pictures, no matter what role he may play. Always there is the tremendous assurance, the authority that permits him to sing with the best singers, to dance with the best dancers, or to do acrobatics with trained acrobats—secure in the knowledge that he can cover whatever weaknesses he may have in performance with his superior clowning. His comic scenes are masterpieces of timing and precision, as carefully shaped and fitted together as the works of a fine watch. But beyond that there is a warmth and gentleness to his screen character, a lack of either guile or conceit that makes him the most endearing comedian of our time. Few are as funny; none is more engaging.

Despite these virtues, Kaye has not always been fortunate in his choice of vehicles. Unlike the classic clowns, he is neither grotesque, pathetic, nor stupid. Indeed, he is handsome enough, strong enough, quick-witted enough—and star enough—always to end up with the girl. This means that his writers must dream up stories that will give him the widest latitude for fun-making, using the classic ingredients, while preserving the heroic quality that will permit him to crash through believably in the last reel. It is a difficult assignment; and Kaye seems often to have been willing to settle for less than perfection provided there was room for a certain number of sure laugh-getting sequences.

Happily, **"Merry Andrew"** (M-G-M), as written for him by Isobel Lennart and I. A. L. Diamond, not only has many hilarious scenes but presents Kaye with the kind of character that fits him best—the psychological misfit in a world he never made. As Andrew Larabee, the timid teacher in an English school for small boys, he can sing to his charges about "The Square of the Hypotenuse," can quail before the withering scorn of his father and employer (Noel Purcell), and wander into the maelstrom of an itinerant Italian circus while studiously searching for a statuette of Pan. The circus, as might be expected, brings out the best in him. Soon he is fighting lions, walking the high-wire, even taking over as ringmaster in one of the funniest bits ever.

Also as might be expected, he is soon trying to prove his valor to the circus's attractive *aerialiste* (Pier Angeli). It is a pattern that, years ago, Harold Lloyd made very much his own. In "Merry Andrew" Kaye proves it is still quite workable and tremendously appealing. *(For other activities of Mr. Kaye, see page 37.)*

* * *

One of the reasons that a non-Catholic critic tends to shy away from movies about nuns, films like "Come to the Stable" and "The Bells of St. Mary's," is his inability to accept such glamorous creatures as Loretta Young or Ingrid Bergman in these roles. Other reasons, I have always thought, would include the coy bits of cloister humor, the inevitable ball-playing sequence, and the great gobs of tear-wringing sentimentality that invariably bring such pictures to a close. **"The Awakening"** (Kingsley), starring Anna Magnani, makes me suspect that I was wrong—at least in part. The sisterly jokes, the ball games, the sentimentality, all are present in this Italian film. But, somehow, with Magnani all of them work. As the Mother Superior of a convent on an impoverished island in the Gulf of Naples, who finds herself growing overly fond of one of the little boys in her school, she draws a magnificent and profoundly touching portrait of a woman trapped between her vows and her thwarted maternal instincts. In Magnani's hands even bathos becomes sublimely human.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Salute to a Theatre Artist

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Edward F. Kook, whose review of "The Theatre of Robert Edmond Jones" (Wesleyan University Press, $12.50) follows, is a lighting consultant and manufacturer who worked closely with Mr. Jones during most of the latter's career.*

NEXT to Eugene O'Neill, no name in American theatre history is more revered than that of the late Robert Edmond Jones. The more than eighty scene-design paintings reproduced in a new book about him, "The Theatre of Robert Edmond Jones," are handsome evidence that this reputation is solidly based upon a mastery of craft, a magnificence of vision, and a dedication to the poetry of pure theatre.

Leafing through these illustrations, one immediately senses the rich, illusory atmosphere and mood Jones intended for each particular play. They excite the beholder's imagination and challenge him with their economy of design and detail. Because of this economy, the details that remain become the more theatrically telling. Never do they obstruct the action for which they are designed, as did the old cluttered scenery which was the rule in 1915, when Jones began.

Jones's first setting, for "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," marked the beginning of a new art in stage design. He discarded the old idea of perspective painting, with its excessive decoration, and designed spatially to free, rather than dominate, the actor. He painted, not for the then-standard flat illumination which called attention to the background, but for a new dramatic light which made the stage three-dimensional and alive.

THIS book contains contributions by some of Jones's important co-workers. (But why was Norman Bel Geddes omitted?) In a section by Donald Oenslager, you will find illustrated selections of Jones's instructions to the scene-builder, which were always accompanied by exact sketches of detail and color samples. These symbolize the pride he had in his craft. And the simplicity with which they are stated reveals the clarity of Jones's thinking. It is easy to see why his words about theatre have had as much influence on the theatre world as have his designs.

Stark Young's chapter makes us aware that Jones's total expression came out of the inner life of the play. In this his scene-designs paralleled Stanislavski's new approach to directing and acting. Mr. Young has chosen Jones's design for "Macbeth" as the most unforgettable. And those of us who saw the production will also remember that "Macbeth" marked the beginning of a new kind of stagecraft for the American theatre. Jo Mielziner, in his contribution, describes some of his early working experiences with Jones, and here we find our appetite whetted for more of the kind of revelation that comes out of actual experience.

Isn't there room for a second book on Jones, in which more of his art work, photographs of his scenes in action, and the best of his unpublished lectures might be assembled and evaluated? This book would, as "The Theatre of Robert Edmond Jones" does not, evaluate Jones's total contribution to the theatre. It would reveal how Jones attained his wonderful results with the help of men who collaborated to build and paint, to sew and light. "We saw it," Jones used to say. "Now we must make it." It was this period of collaboration toward final results rather than painting the original sketches, which held the more excitement for Jones.

Meanwhile, "The Theatre of Robert Edmond Jones" will serve as a handsome introduction to a theatrical genius. Its editor, Ralph Pendleton, deserves high praise for gathering and getting published such a comprehensive chronology of Jones's career. For those who lived and worked in Jones's time and now survive him, the book will constitute a lasting memorial of him and his art, and for serious young theatre artists whom Jones would encourage "to follow their dreams into the light" the book will be an invaluable source for special learning. —EDWARD F. KOOK.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Mitropoulos Finished, Mahler "Unfinished"

DIMITRI MITROPOULOS took his leave of the national radio audience as principal conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra with a typical, perhaps a symbolic, service—the first performance in the city of the two movements which comprise Mahler's "Unfinished" (Tenth) Symphony. Of the five movements the composer contemplated for this work, only the Adagio was completely realized, but it alone contains more music than many a full-length symphony since produced with the fanfare of "world premiere."

Germinal in this movement is a wide-ranging chromatic phrase (derived, as so much else in the music of the first half of this century, from "Tristan"), which evolves in Mahler's most successful melodic manner from one measure to the next in a continuous surge of musical pulsation. Whether or not this final effort of 1910 (he died the following spring) was Mahler's conscious farewell, this slow movement projected not only such an atmosphere but also a line of musical procedure which contributed much to Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern. (They knew it intimately long before it was reconstructed in 1924, and finally authorized for publication in 1951.) Every line and implication was superbly defined by Mitropoulous, who also made an engrossing thing of the following Scherzo, realized from Mahler's "short score."

In Carnegie Hall, however, this breathtaking experience was followed by another, contradictory one, reminding us of the curious weaknesses that coexist with Mitropoulos's extraordinary strengths. This was a playing of the Verdi "Sicilian Vespers" overture, which must have jolted the mood of anyone absorbed with thoughts of Mahler. In a way, the programs of the week further summed up the musical character of Mitropoulos in stimulating us with an artful playing of Schoenberg's piano concerto, and depressing us with an overweighted, ponderous one of Bach's D minor. Glenn Gould was the pianist in both. It is known, from other experiences, that Gould has a more subtle conception of Bach than he was permitted to expound on this occasion. Mitropoulos utilized the total strings of the Philharmonic for the Bach, resulting in an unwieldy lumbering counterpart to the solo instrument. For Gould, the alternatives were pounding or not being heard. He pounded. In the Schoenberg he showed his extraordinary refinement and mental virtuosity in a completely clear statement of its involved patterns. The totality, however, did not strike me as more than artful. A lively "Prologo e Fuga" of the Brazilian Camargo Guarnieri and Barber's "Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance" were also heard.

BARBER was further represented on a Saturday-night concert program conducted by Andre Kostelanetz, which was all American save for the suite drawn by Mottl from Gretry's "Cephale et Procris." In a sequence of selections defining American music to be as broad and various as the country itself, Kostelanetz provided a welcome rehearing of the "White Knight" episode from Deems Taylor's "Through the Looking Glass" Suite, the "Lincoln Portrait" of Copland, Schuman's "New England Triptych," portions of Grofe's "Grand Canyon" suite, and the intermezzo from Act IV of "Vanessa." The speaker for the Copland was Carl Sandburg, who was received with the honors befitting a famous virtuoso, and delivered the words of Lincoln with the insight and authority derived from his long absorption in the subject.

VIRTUOSITY of another sort was dispensed at the most recent visit of the Philadelphia Orchestra, in which Fritz Reiner made his first New York appearance as a symphonic conductor in much too long. This, clearly, is an oversight on at least two counts: Reiner's own qualities as a master of his craft, and the qualities of some—hardly craftsmen, let alone masters—who have occupied our time if not our attentions lately.

In a sequence of Berlioz ("Beatrice and Benedict" overture), Mozart (the "Linz" Symphony, No. 36), Ravel ("Rhapsodie Espagnole"), and Prokofiev (Symphony No. 5), Reiner visited four sources of influence in orchestral writing, and made a vital experience of each. Without exaggerated motion or tiresome byplay, Reiner defined clearly the interaction of men and music which made the performers participants, rather than merely executants. The applause the orchestra bestowed on him after the Ravel (they rejected his invitation to share the applause) was an accolade as well as a courtesy.

Musically, Reiner performed his most valuable service in the first movement of the Prokofiev, which since the work was new a decade ago has seemed a rather enigmatic prelude to an otherwise fully realized work. In sustaining an unvaried, unhurried pace throughout, he showed that the permutations and elaborations of the big melodic phrase which comes and goes in this movement are each concerned with another facet of the idea. In a sense, Prokofiev himself is examining it, re-appraising it each time. Thus well-begun, the work progressed through a driving performance of the scherzo to a powerful conclusion. The expenditure of minimum effort for maximum results should be a thoughtful example to some of Reiner's younger colleagues—but, doubtless, will not be.

IS there a way to make a popular opera of Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila"? If you have Caruso and Matzenauer to sing the leading roles, the answer is a self-sufficient one. The Metropolitan has neither, but Rudolf Bing is making an all-out effort by presenting the audience-pleasing Mario del Monaco as the Biblical strong boy in the current series of performances. Fausto Cleva is new to us as conductor of a French score, as Giorgio Tozzi is an Old Hebrew. Rise Stevens (Dalila), Martial Singher (High Priest), and Norman Scott (Abimilech) are repeating roles they have done before.

Del Monaco astonished all in the first two acts by using his imposing resources with admirable judgment, matching tasteful singing with an excellent simulation of Samson's possible physical proportions. Rather than straining for more sound than was really needed, he poured out *tone* of flexibility and color proving beyond doubt that he can do it if he puts himself out to do so. The vowel-sounds that give a language color often eluded him, but this was a condition endemic to this cast (save for Singher). When he rose to full vocal output for "Je t'aime" near the end of Act II and tasted the blood of the bravo shouters, del Monaco reverted to type; but he recovered for Act III.

Within the limitations of a hand-me-down production, Hans Busch's staging was apt. Tozzi's voice is light for the rumbly requirements of the Hebrew, but he never fails to sing well. Singher put his strengths to the fore of his limitations (as usual) and Cleva's conducting was animated. Miss Stevens's present conception of Dalila is more sightly than in the past, but the vocal result is erratic, varying from not so bad to not so good.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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FICTION

Statuary of Time

"Jephta and His Daughter," by Lion Feuchtwanger *(translated by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser; Putnam. 255 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Moses, Prince of Egypt," by Howard Fast*** *(Crown. 303 pp. $3.95), both assay the difficult task of breathing life into Biblical characters. The problems involved, and the authors' success in surmounting them, are evaluated by Gladys Schmitt, who has herself faced the same obstacles in "David the King" and other historical novels.*

By Gladys Schmitt

MOST critics consign the historical novelist to a lesser breed. Yet to practise in this genre creatively is to take on not only all that is demanded of the "contemporary" novelist but to add other requirements besides. The historical novelist must make the times he writes about naturally even offhandedly his own, and he must also achieve a language that is authentic both for his own time and the time he is writing about.

These are no mean tasks. In the epic and the verse drama—which regularly drew their material from legend and history—the assimilation of research and the adjustment of language were not such problems. The amount of background was slight and the formal medium of verse made it unnecessary to adjust daily speech to the uses of an alien past. So, while the magnificent treatment of long past events is a normal occurrence in the verse drama and the epic, the modern historical novel is seldom a work of art. Even in the hands of George Eliot, a Flaubert, or a Thomas Mann it is less successful than the works in which these masters dealt with their own times.

"Jephta and His Daughter," by Lion Feuchtwanger, and "Moses, Prince of Egypt," by Howard Fast, are no tawdry costume romances of the kind that have brought the historical novel into bad repute. Both were written with serious intent by novelists of deservedly high reputation. Both develop deep and worthy themes: Fast's Moses shows man's growing understanding of his own obligation to the whole human race, and Feuchtwanger's Jephta embodies the evolution of monotheism—power giving way to humility and selfishness to responsibility. Both authors have informed themselves thoroughly of their chosen times: Fast evokes Ramses's Egypt richly, and Feuchtwanger, though he avowedly blots out background and centers his story in one man, has informed himself minutely of the obscure doings of the early Palestinian kingdoms and city states. Both have set firm girders of plot upon solid blocks of theme—yet the result is disheartening. The reader stands always in the present, never plunges into the past, never joyfully suspends disbelief. And, when so much time and effort are spent in the service of such excellent themes, one wonders why.

Perhaps the trouble lies in a too exclusive preoccupation with theme. It was theme—the desire to dramatize the nature of God being transformed in a single man—that led Feuchtwanger to suppress the life around Jephta and make the story take place in a meager, colorless, almost sordid world, though the Biblical narrative suggests barbaric magnificence. It was theme that led Fast to create types which served it rather than people who lived it—representations of the scientific attitude, brotherly love, tyranny, degradation—types who are next to nothing in themselves. Both authors seem to have suspected the poverty of their characterizations, since both tried desperately to deepen them with gratuitous Freudian significances. And both failed to relate their characters to the times in which they lived, Feuchtwanger by providing his cast with only a few shaky props to stand on, and Fast by painting so overpowering a backdrop that the actors moving against it shrink to insignificance.

The faltering of the novelist's power is most obvious in the protagonists. Fast assigned himself no small task when he set out to make a living Moses. Particularly in his youthful years, the Biblical Moses is an impersonal and elusive figure, and Fast deals only with his youth. His Moses is simply a young man, any young man —and for that reason no young man at all. We cannot believe in the power that issued out of him into the slave Nun because we have sensed no power in his meditations or earlier actions. His intellectual exchanges with his teachers would be believable if they were embodied in a living language that bridged the gap between present and past, but they are not. And he remains completely unconvincing when he falls in love, takes his mother's body to its tomb, and realizes

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FOUR-LETTER-AND-LESS TITLES

Here is a cluster of super-short titles of books—novels, plays, collections of essays and verse, personal narratives—the authors of which are jumbled at the right. Please consign correct titles to correct authors. Answers on page 29.

1. "Bay"
2. "Blix"
3. "Dred"
4. "Falk"
5. "Gold"
6. "Him"
7. "If"
8. "Kim"
9. "Leda"
10. "Omoo"
11. "On"
12. "Race"
13. "Roxy"
14. "R.U.R."
15. "Sand"
16. "She"
17. "Sons"
18. "U.S.A."
19. "We"
20. "Work"

( ) Louisa May Alcott
( ) Hilaire Belloc
( ) Pearl S. Buck
( ) Karel Capek
( ) Joseph Conrad
( ) E. E. Cummings
( ) John Dos Passos
( ) Lord Dunsany
( ) Edward Eggleston
( ) H. Rider Haggard
( ) Aldous Huxley
( ) Will James
( ) Rudyard Kipling
( ) D. H. Lawrence
( ) Charles A. Lindbergh
( ) William McFee
( ) Herman Melville
( ) Frank Norris
( ) Eugene O'Neill
( ) Harriet Beecher Stowe

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that the degraded Hebrew slave woman is his sister Miriam.

Jephta is equally unsuccessful, but for the opposite reason. If Moses is too fluid, too indefinite, Jephta is too rigid—so rigid that we see him as an animated statue with only three or four expressions. Small lights dance in his eyes and he thrusts out his beard—this is as much as we see of the Jephta who was a great Judge in Israel. And when he must suffer, must sacrifice his own daughter with his own hands, we neither believe nor disbelieve, since nothing and anything is to be expected from an animated statue. We simply do not, cannot care.

What we learn from these books then is a hard lesson: that the most seasoned skill and the most serious intentions cannot guarantee success in a historical novel any more than in a "contemporary" one. Archetypes drawn from the past, like archetypes set in the present, can have no power with us unless they are also human beings. And difficult as it is to convey the complexities of modern awareness in our impoverished modern speech, it is still more difficult to find in that speech the authentic tone for rendering the more primitive and direct emotions of the past.

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Big A

"Ice Palace," by Edna Ferber *(Doubleday. 411 pp. $4.50), is a contemporary narrative of Alaska's struggle for statehood, with flashbacks to the territory at the beginning of the twentieth century.*

By Walter Havighurst

IT WAS inevitable that Edna Ferber should write a novel about Alaska. The magnetic northern land has all the qualities that draw her to a scene—robustness, magnitude, epic tradition, the clash of strong-willed men and their stubborn duel with Nature. In her novel "Ice Palace" she has put more of Alaska between covers than any other writer in its short and crowded history.

The story is contemporary, picturing the struggle for Alaskan statehood. But present-day Alaska remembers the "Seward's Folly" of ninety years ago, and Alaskan people keep alive the years of the Yukon and the gold rush. Into its contemporary foreground this novel weaves the story of Christine Storm's twenty years, and through her family memories it reaches back to the beginning of the twentieth century.

Orphaned by the hazards of a primitive land, Chris Storm has grown up among sailors, fishermen, Eskimos, and frontier journalists. A girl of mingled Eskimo, Norwegian, and New England blood, she was reared by two strong grandfathers and by spirited Bridie Ballantyne, who came North fifty years ago as a picture bride. Her grandfather Kennedy wanted Chris to belong to the world Outside, but her grandfather Storm made her a daughter of Alaska. When she had to choose between a rising young politician from Seattle and a part-Eskimo airplane pilot, her decision was already made.

The Ice Palace is a steel-and-glass apartment hotel in the bustling town of Baranof, halfway up the long Alaskan coast. It is also a kind of emblem of Alaska—people inside it can see out, but the people outside cannot see in. Outside men see the riches of the North—fish, furs, metal, timber, coal; some of them are reaping fortunes from it. But they cannot see the Territory's need of freedom and self-determination, and the desire of its people to control the bounty that nature has lavished on their land.

Inside and Outside is the conflict in this novel, and Chris Storm's two grandfathers are allied with the two forces. Half a century ago they came North together, on the same coastal steamer. Since then the piratical Czar Kennedy has grasped the riches of the North, while Thor Storm, wandering through its vastness and beauty, has built up a dream of its future. Alaska for him is the last American treasure-trove, and he fights for its preservation. Between the two forces is Edna Ferber's heroine, who is like Alaska itself: "Beneath her shining surface were hidden treasures and wonders of the mind and heart and spirit."

Her heroine. . . . Here is the difference between Miss Ferber and the "modern" novelists, and a reason for the multitude of her readers. She still sees people in large dimensions, strong enough to be actors rather than to be acted upon. This novel contains a whole gallery of them, with Christine Storm in the center. Frankly heightened and exaggerated, they are men and women to match the seas and skies and mountains of the big North Country.

CORRUPTION OF CONQUEST: Morris L. West deals on the surface level of **"Backlash"** (Morrow, $3.50) with the tracking of a killer in occupied Austria. But Mr. West's intriguing thriller goes beyond mere detection and apprehension to the vexing problems of moral deportment that dog the conqueror. The impetus for the novel is provided by the senseless murder of a British soldier by a deranged native of Bad Quellenberg, a deceptively drowsy Austrian spa. Beneath the resort's easy *Gemuetlichkeit,* however, bubbles a ferment of large and small corruptions, intensified by the by-products of defeat. The nature of the town, the obligations of conquest, and the murkiness of his own character make the job of bringing retribution to the killer a complex one for Major Mark Hanlon, the British occupation commander. Tough, ascetic, and intimately acquainted with the region, the major would seem ideally suited for the task in hand. But even the correct Hanlon finds it difficult to endure the self-denial necessary for the conquerors to "keep their dignity among the dispossessed." Inevitably his reserve softens, and his involvement with the people of the town begins "the slow corruption of conquest," which is neatly symbolized by Mr. West in the changing relationship between the hunter and the hunted. The author, in aiming at a full characterization of his troubled consul, almost overreaches himself in giving his hero at least one emotional problem too many, which he solves by an improbable coincidence. "Backlash" is, nevertheless, an unusually fine thriller. —MARTIN LEVIN.

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No Exit

Continued from page 20

passport and waiting three years before coming to the States. That's how far down my name is on the quota.

I better knock it off now before I work myself up.

Our baby Chris is doing famously, growing beautifully and getting lovelier by the day. The one you met, Honey, is doing fine too and so is the mother, Fiki. My wife Fiki took the news about the passport badly; she was pretty well broken up but she saw things my way. Agreed that I had decided right even if it did take away our big chance. These last few days have not been the happiest in my life, and Christmas was just another black day. Fiki and I went to a few parties, but nothing seemed to help. In a few days I'll feel okay.

Sincerely,
Bill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There follows a second letter from Mr. Modisane, written in reply to a note from* SR's *editor raising the question of publication of the original letter:*

DEAR SIR:

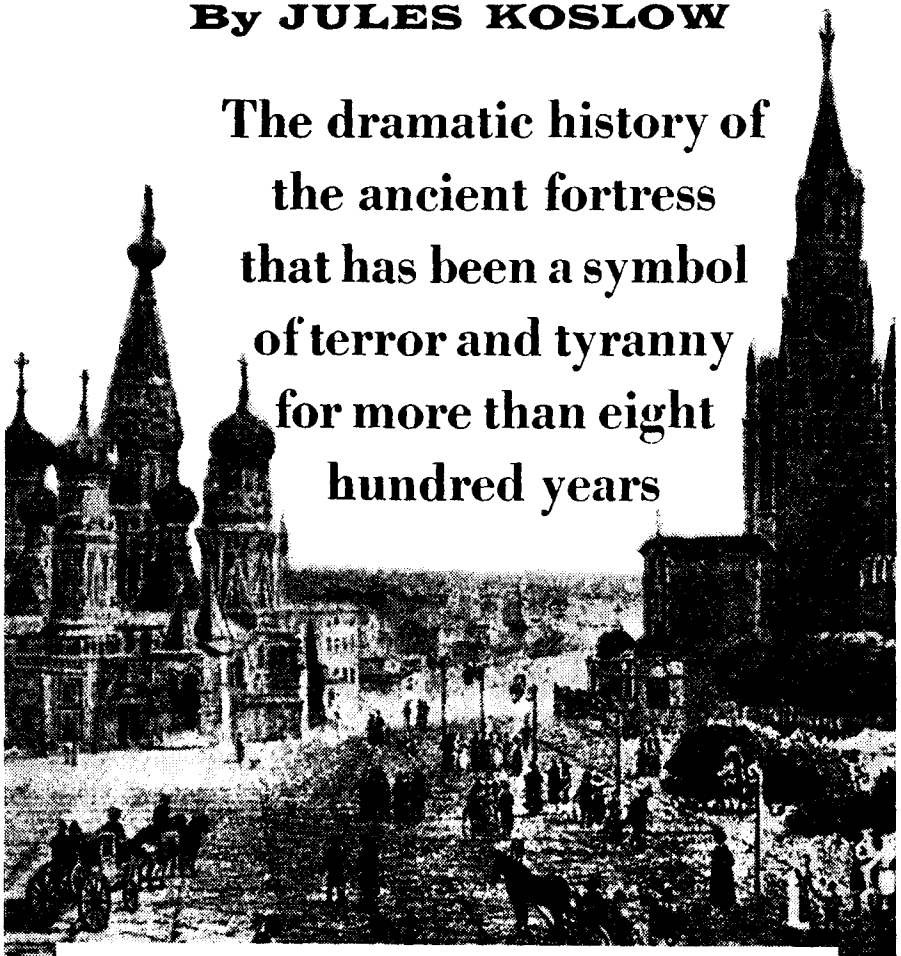
Your letter has made me feel good inside, has reaffirmed on a larger basis my conviction that I acted rightly and justly. Those bigots tried to reach too deep into my soul . . . they should not have tried to drill that deep, tried to take away my self-respect. . . .

About publishing the letter: there's nothing they could do to me now that they haven't tried. Like a certain U.S. Naval captain said: "Damn the torpedoes; full speed ahead!"

THE KREMLIN

By JULES KOSLOW

The dramatic history of the ancient fortress that has been a symbol of terror and tyranny for more than eight hundred years



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From Tribal Art to Tocqueville

***"The Tenth Muse," by Herbert Read** (Horizon Press. 330 pp. $4.50), is a collection of forty essays and broadcasts by the English poet, journalist and literary critic.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

HERBERT READ—better known in England than in the United States—is poet, critic of art and literature, journalist, and broadcaster. This is a rather diverse span of horses to ride and riding them has its difficulties: especially when, as in this case, the inclinations of the critic are "highbrow" while the journalist-broadcaster is required to be what is scornfully called "middle."

Without quite putting it this way the first of the pieces in this collection deals defensively with the limitations and advantages of the broadcast talk and the brief journalistic talk. Much of the rest of the book illustrates, I fear, that the difficulties are not all very satisfactorily solved. The forty pieces average eight pages in length, and they deal with many general questions as well as with specific writers, painters, and sculptors. Mr. Read's tastes and sympathies, as well as subjects, tend in general to be mildly avant garde. When, as is often the case, they leave the reader unsatisfied he has the feeling that it is not because the author is not informed and frequently penetrating but because he has too little space in which to maneuver. Every fellow journalist will commiserate with his predicament, but the stubborn fact remains that if you embark on some such subject as "Tribal Art and Modern Man" or "Gauguin: The Return to Symbolism" you really should not be facing the clock in a broadcasting studio or even—as was in these instances the case—the realization that your editor has allotted you just so many lines.

Many of the themes and theses I find interesting. Is it true, for instance, that the best art criticism is that which recreates in words the effect of the painting upon the critic but that, on the other hand, the best modern art is of a kind which makes this sort of criticism almost impossible? Should there be a unique kind of music, drama, and essay created exclusively to be listened to in the home and as a result of which radio would cease to be what it now is—namely merely a method by which forms and techniques developed under different conditions are quite unsuitably copied? But most of such questions get hardly more than opened before the subject is changed—usually to something very far removed.

The most satisfactory (though not always the most interesting) pieces are those with the most limited subjects such as "On First Reading Nietzsche." On the other hand, some of the most interesting not only stop too soon but seem a bit difficult to reconcile with others. Take for example the discussions of Eliot's "Notes Towards the Definition of Culture" and Tocqueville's "Democracy in America." The theses of the two books so far separated in time have much in common. Eliot maintains that the abolition of a privileged class means that culture as he defines it will cease to exist. Tocqueville assumes that art is the product of wealth and leisure and, with amazing accuracy, predicts that democracy "will habitually prefer the useful to the beautiful. . . . There are only two ways of lowering the price of commodities. The first is to discover some better, shorter, and more ingenious method of producing them; the second is to manufacture a larger quantity of goods, nearly similar but of less value. . . . Thus the democratic principle . . . [produces] with great rapidity many imperfect commodities, and the consumer has to content himself with [them]."

True, Eliot's "culture" is something vaguer and more inclusive than what Tocqueville has in mind. True also, he stresses religion as Tocqueville does not. But is the contrast enough to explain why Mr. Read should seem to be very sympathetic toward the latter while dismissing Eliot as one who hides under the fashionable word "élites," "the social phenomenon known as a dominant or privileged class"? Very likely Mr. Read could clarify the seeming contradiction. But he just doesn't have room.

Fugitive Treasures

***"5 Pens in Hand," by Robert Graves** (Doubleday. 360 pp. $4.50), is composed of stories and poems, essays and lectures on a variety of topics. Moses Hadas, professor of classics at Columbia University, appraises them for us.*

By Moses Hadas

FUGITIVE pieces, this collection may be called, the sweepings of a prodigiously fertile workshop; but the material is prime and the craftsman an artist, so that every fragment is worth treasuring. Taken together these essays and stories and poems are more revealing than most autobiographies or volumes of correspondence, and the full-blooded personality they exhibit is a salutary phenomenon in our world of letters. Graves's stalwart independence is impressive because it grows out of a reasoned reverence for tradition, and his ranging imagination commands respect because it is informed by sound learning.

It is tempting to classify Graves's total output under the rubrics of "creative writing" and "scholarship," but the truth is that he is first and

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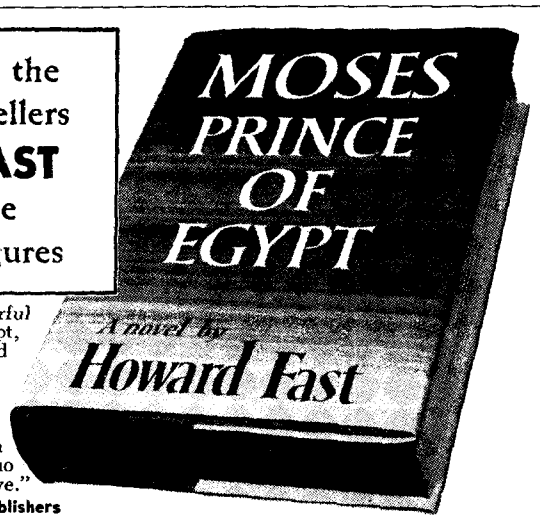

Louis Untermeyer calls it "A wonderful work. The perfumes and stinks of Egypt, the lusts and cruelties, the wars and corruptions rise from the pages, as do the beauties and braveries, the small tendernesses and the large understandings." **Rev. Daniel A. Poling** of the *Christian Herald* says it is "written to the emotional proportions of 'Quo Vadis'. A masterpiece that will survive."
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last a poet and that his scholarship draws its stunning quality (in one sense for readers susceptible to it, in another for resolute traditionalists) from the quickening insights of the poet. Of this he is himself well aware, as when he bases far-reaching reconstructions of ancient history or religion on a combination of hunches or a sense of smell; they cannot be proved by objective evidence, but neither can they be disproved, and they open fascinating vistas on what may well have been. "My chief obsession," he writes in a "Prologue to a Poetry Reading," "is poetry; my chief study, the English language. In the present confused state of literature I would probably rank as a traditionalist. [But] if I thought that any poem of mine could have been written by anyone else, either a contemporary or a forerunner, I should suppress it with a blush; and I should do the same if I found I were imitating myself. . . . Though not claiming any great achievement as a poet, I have at least tried to keep high professional standards."

Where the professional is best exhibited in the present volume is not so much in the poems, which show high competence but are not among Graves's best, nor yet in the entertaining stories, reprinted mainly from *Punch* and *The New Yorker*, but in the delightful lecture entitled "Legitimate Criticism of Poetry" delivered at Mount Holyoke College. It is hard to imagine a more profitable one-hour demonstration of the proper techniques of literary study than Graves's smiling and deft application of his cold chisel to "L'Allegro" and "The Solitary Reaper." By comparison the amusing dissection of George Moore in "Don't Fidget, Young Man!" is too easy. But neither in these instances nor in his animadversions on Pound and Eliot or on Freud and Jung is there any trace of petulance or posturing. Graves's mind is surely open to new perceptions and new modes, as his "White Goddess" and "The Nazarene Gospel Restored" abundantly show, but he represents

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

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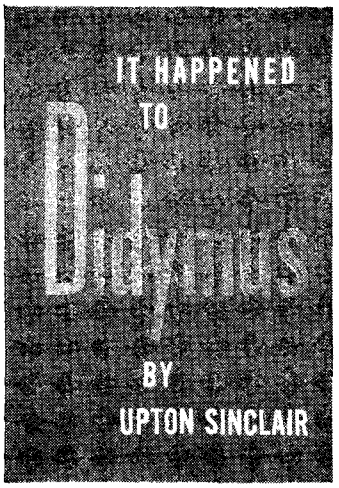

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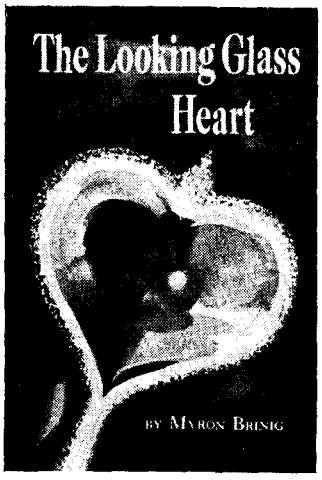

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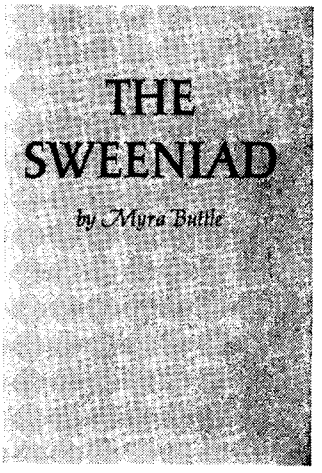

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to a unique degree the main and continuing stream of English poetry, and it is as spokesman for that stream that he criticizes deviations. His credentials are solid and entitle him to a respectful hearing.

And the best one-hour diagnosis of our higher learning is presented in "Diseases of Scholarship, Clinically Considered," delivered at Yale University. One by one Graves exposes and illustrates the symptoms he calls creeping pedagogitis, academic xenophobia, accidia, noncommittal paralysis, thrasycrisia, brachyscopy, apoblepsia, cacography, and tagonomomania. Scholars can exculpate themselves, of course, on the justifiable grounds that these failings are the inevitable obverse to the reverse of true scholarship: exact scholarship would forfeit its usefulness if its practitioners were all poets, even such conscientious poets as Mr. Graves. But the failings are there and should not be accepted with complacency. Mr. Graves himself provides a prophylactic; he has learned much from scholars, and there are things scholars can learn from him. The point may be illustrated most clearly from Mr. Graves's humbler work as a translator, of which the present volume can naturally offer no specimens. Not a tithe of the 400 translations in the Loeb Classical Library, made by professional scholars, can compare in skill and artistry with Graves's "Apuleius" or his "Lucan."

Hollywood

Continued from page 13

the second half of 1957, the treasures of the past were first released on the air. Movie attendance, which had been creeping upward approximately 5 per cent from the previous year, plummeted close to 18 per cent. "If," predicts Sindlinger, "the national level of theatre receipts for the next nine months follows the trend of the past six months, it would mean that the theatres will have a $200 million annual loss in net gross, and production will have an annual loss of $73 million in film rental."

The situation, however, is even more precarious than these figures indicate. At least 2,500 negatives made since 1948 still remain unsold. Reassuring statements from the presidents of the major film companies denying that they have any present intent of disposing of these properties are accepted in the industry with the mingled satisfaction and skepticism that customarily greets the official utterances of business and political potentates. Tom Pryor, *The New York Times*'s West Coast correspondent, reports that "No one seriously believes the post-1948 pictures will not ultimately be playing the living-room circuit." Joe Hyams, the *New York Herald-Tribune*'s more trustful representative, headlines his front-page story "Hollywood Won't Sell Post-48 Films to TV." You pay your five cents to your newsdealer and you take your choice.

If the Marines land in time, they will consist of actors, authors, and directors who have reserved the rights to strike if they are not consulted before these additional negatives are sold down the TV river. The screen directors are demanding 25 per cent of their original salaries on any future sales, and their fellow-artists are not going to be bashful in presenting their claims. In other words, the cut may not be large enough to satisfy anybody, and the salvation of the industry may rest upon its cupidity rather than its sagacity. On the basis of forty years of business experience, I would not be inclined to sell cupidity short.

Over the heads of the embattled exhibitors hangs another Damoclean sword—toll-TV. This is an ingenious, electronic device by which pictures can be sent over the air-waves in a distorted form, and only made intelligible by the use of a home decoder. Much as I should like to join in the current Donnybrook Fair concerning the questionable advantages and the unquestionable dangers of pay-TV, this is a piece in which I should hold my peace. Suffice it to say that its adversaries are apparently so convinced that the public will rush to pay for what it now receives gratis that they are moving Heaven and earth (as represented in Congress) to prevent the tests authorized by the FCC. Its proponents, on the other hand, are so dubious of its merits, outside of a substantial financial return to themselves, that they pretend it will ban commercial advertising and raise the cultural level of TV programming, both highly desirable objectives which there is not the slightest evidence that toll-TV could or cares to achieve.

The early advent of toll-TV, however, does not appear imminent. As Jack Gould of *The New York Times* points out: "There are enough problems, social, legal, technical, and economic, to keep the idea tied up for years."

To avoid these interminable delays, it has been proposed that films be carried by cable from a central location onto the home screen. This would require no approval from anyone, except the local authorities, and would have the substantial advantage over air transmission that it would not, even temporarily, pre-empt existing channels. An experiment in the use of wired TV has been conducted since last September in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. According to Senator William Langer of North Dakota, a staunch opponent of pay-TV in any form, a postal card survey conducted by him indicates a majority of ten to one in Bartlesville against the project.

The plight of the movie theatres, even if they escape the Scylla of post-1948 films on TV and the Charybdis of toll-TV, does not greatly concern the picture-going public, except as it affects the nature of future films and the conditions under which they will be displayed. The industry has discovered that, with the exception of gimmick films, fashioned for undemanding addicts of rock 'n' roll, science fiction, or horror, it can only successfully compete with TV through the magnitude of its screens, the costliness and care of its productions, and its unrivalled capacity to reproduce the supreme achievements of God and man.

The incredible success of pictures such as "The Ten Commandments," which cost $13,000,000 to produce, and "Around the World in Eighty Days" is stimulating the production of more such pictures, far beyond the financial or physical potentialities of television. A hard-pressed M-G-M management, for example, is planning to gamble what remains of its once heavy bankroll on "Ben Hur." These super block-

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busters, including "The Bridge on the River Kwai," are shown at high admission prices, with reserved seats, and only one or two shows a day.

Less colossal colossals, such for instance as "Farewell to Arms" or "Raintree County," are now charging admission prices ranging up to $2.50. They retain the ancient industry device of continuous showing, while discarding the equally hallowed tradition of exclusive first-runs in the big downtown theatres. These obsolete de luxe palaces were carefully located by myopic men—myself included—where the traffic was thickest thirty years ago. Now, paralyzed by the growth of that traffic to unanticipated proportions, they have become white elephants.

As a consequence, picture distributors are beginning to ponder the example set by the department stores and discount houses in their invasion of the suburbs. In the New York area, for instance, important films of the future will, I am convinced, hold their premieres simultaneously in key theatres in all of the five boroughs, as well as in Newark, Westchester, and Long Island; and the same procedure will be followed in metropolitan centers all over the country.

In smaller communities first runs are already being played "day-and-date" between the old four-walled theatre on Main Street and the new outlying "drive-ins." Of these there are now 4,397 in the United States and the number continues to increase. They are no longer what *Variety* once called "passion pits with pix" but highly respectable family institutions doing a rushing business in hot dogs, pop, and pizza-pie. According to the Opinion Research Survey, 72 per cent of the public have been to a drive-in, 32 per cent of them prefer a "hardtop" theatre, 30 per cent the drive-in, and 10 per cent have no preference.

The pattern of saturation first-run showings will not apply to the pictures produced on specialized wide screen processes, such as Todd-AO and Cinerama. The number of such semi-third-dimensional films will mount, and they will be shown in an increasing number of theatres, equipped exclusively for their proper projection, as well as for stereophonic sound, now sadly neglected in most theatres and unavailable on the home TV set. Todd-AO has "South Pacific" ready for release, and is negotiating with Sam Goldwyn for his forthcoming production of "Porgy and Bess." Cinerama will reluctantly discard its hitherto successful policy of gigantic travelogues and move into the field of fiction films. And there are other exciting new processes, like Cinemiracle, shortly to be unveiled.

Another form of specialized theatre which continues to flourish in the face of declining business is the so-called art house. Once disparagingly referred to as "sure-seaters," they now have long waiting queues when they play such less than artistic offerings as "And God Created Woman" (unless Brigitte Bardot is regarded as a work of art). Even, however, when they confine themselves to less aphrodisiac fare, with distinguished importations like "La Strada" or "Gervaise," they appeal to substantial audiences. Occasionally, American pictures such as "Lili" or "Lust for Life" are booked into these theatres and demonstrate that Hollywood, when it cares to do so, can hold its own with France, Italy, or Japan on their own grounds. Unfortunately, there are no indications on the horizon of many pictures of this nature. United Artists, which financed and distributed the two best low-budget films of recent years. "Marty" and "Twelve Angry Men," evidences little interest at present in similar projects. There's more gold in them thar blockbuster hills!

In 1930 there were 23,000 theatres in the United States. Today there remain 17,809, including the drive-ins, of which 6,000 are reportedly losing money. Unless conditions improve substantially, few of these marginal houses can hope to survive. If business grows worse, the fatalities will extend into a second group of approximately 8,000 theatres, which are now making a limited return on their investment. Some may regard these closings unconcernedly as the inexorable working of economic laws. To those of us, however, who are acquainted with the old showmen who have invested their lifetime savings and their years of experience in brick and mortar, each such situation represents a heartbreaking personal tragedy.

Regardless of the number of theatre closings, it is evident that existing conditions no longer warrant (if they ever did) the nationwide system of thirty-two exchanges maintained by each of the remaining seven major companies. Already, sales offices in some cities are being abandoned, and in others, consolidated shipping and receiving offices are being established.

Even more urgent than the curtailment in distribution facilities is the streamlining that will have to be effected in production. The days of the huge studios covering hundreds of acres, with thousands of high-salaried employees, are numbered. It costs Twentieth Century-Fox, for example, approximately $1,000 a day just to operate the cars and trucks which transport people and properties around

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the lot. One hundred and seventy-six acres of the studios are about to be set aside to be converted into a dream city, with a modern business center, skyscrapers, apartment houses, and a 4,000 seat auditorium. The company will still not be hard-up for space; it has a 2,300-acre ranch in Malibu. Universal is considering, it is said, a $35,000,000 offer to sell Universal City for a housing development. Rumors are in circulation of a possible consolidation of the Metro and Warner lots, and the subsequent disposal of their surplus properties. Even if this deal is not consummated, some similar combinations are inevitable.

The pretentious film factories of the fat 1940s are no longer suitable for the needs of the slim 1950s. Only half as many pictures are being produced as formerly, and of these a substantial percentage are being made abroad. Already fifty-two pictures are scheduled for foreign production in 1958, and there will be more. The sun never sets on American cameras, frequently handled by an Englishman, with a Hungarian producer, a German director, a French author, and a cast consisting of a dozen different nationalities. Foreign productions were originally designed to convert blocked funds, representing the earnings of American pictures abroad, into good American dollars. They met with unanticipated success. Audiences enjoyed their authenticity and their exotic backgrounds, actors liked to travel, producers valued their lower labor costs. Aside from these considerations, foreign film production is bound to remain an important element in an industry which today realizes some 50 per cent of its income outside of the domestic market.

It is possible that even the economies outlined will still not be adequate to salvage some of the more vulnerable producers. At Loew's, long the top dog, or rather lion, of the industry, a desperate race is being run by its energetic new president to revitalize his disorganized empire before the bankers insist on liquidation, new management, or a merger—maybe with the rejuvenated United Artists which, unhampered by a studio or heavy contractual obligations, is running rings around its less agile rivals. Other mergers are also under consideration. By 1962 there will not only be fewer studios, fewer exchanges, and fewer theatres, but also fewer major picture-making companies. There will also be fewer pictures. Some of them, as in the past, will be good, some will be bad. The percentage of good to bad should serve as a reasonably clear reflection of the conflicting forces in American life.

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WOMAN WITH UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE in foreign service and cultural fields wishes position as executive or social secretary; able to handle personal accounts, portfolio, public relations. American, unattached, forty-five. Box E-122.

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(Continued on page 34)

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(Continued from page 33)

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3-29

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1253

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

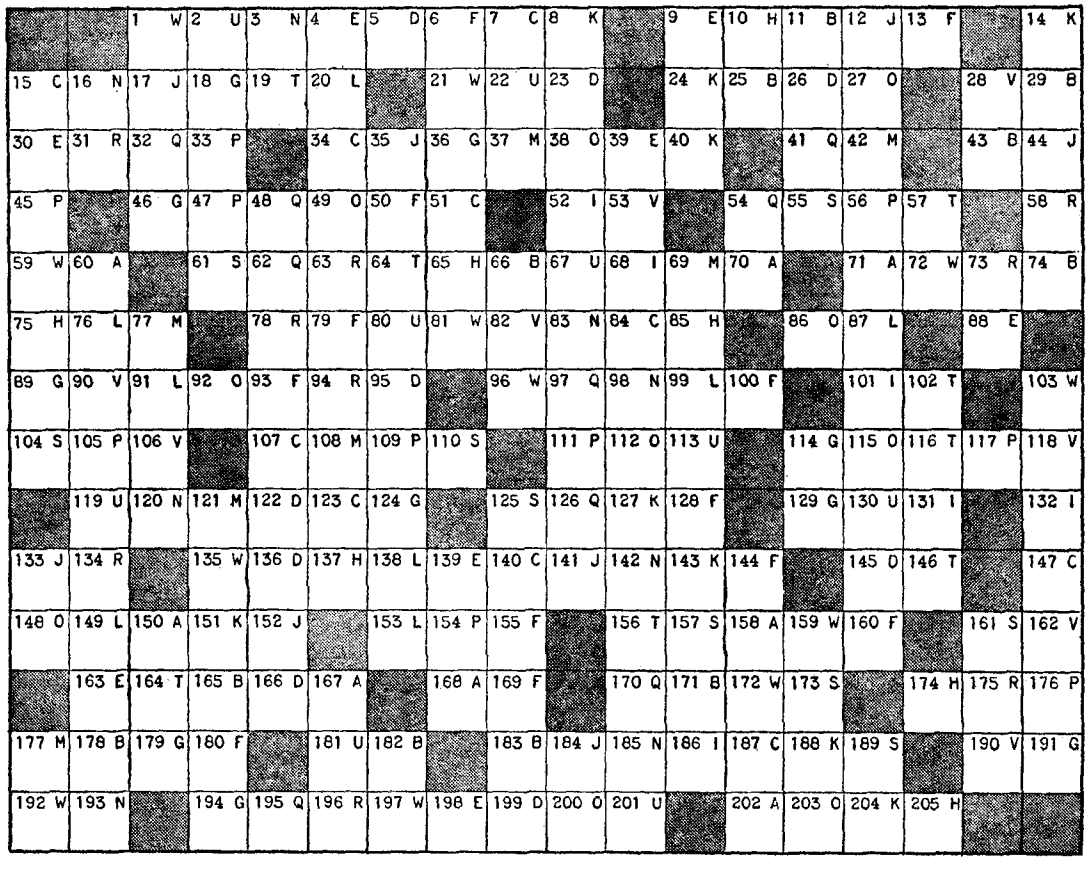
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Helping.	168 202 71 150 167 158 70 60
B. What Jimmy Durante makes out of this word truly exemplifies its meaning; finality in disaster.	66 171 178 11 182 43 74 165 183 25 29
C. Small, slow-moving lizards with large eyes and versatile tongues.	7 51 147 34 167 140 84 15 123 107
D. Great airport named for the mayor of its city when it was opened, 1939.	23 136 145 166 5 199 95 122 26
E. Caverns near Santander, Spain, with fine cave art from prehistoric times.	163 139 4 30 9 198 39 88
F. Disquietude.	93 160 13 50 128 155 144 100 6 79 180 169
G. Unfortunate Amy Robsart is the heroine of this Scott novel.	124 179 129 18 46 114 191 194 36 89
H. Shrouds in fog.	10 75 174 65 205 137 85
I. Shakespearean symbol of desertion in love.	101 132 68 186 52 131
J. Overbearing exercise of power (2 wds.).	184 141 133 17 44 35 12 152
K. Melodramatic novel, 1861, very popular as a play (2 wds.).	143 188 40 24 127 204 14 151 8
L. International unit of quantity of X rays.	99 149 76 91 153 20 138 87

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. A firth.	108 42 37 177 69 121 77
N. Composed of cards in regular sequence.	3 16 83 98 185 193 120 142
O. Describing the usual racing shell (comp.).	38 86 49 112 27 115 203 148 200 92
P. Passionately.	105 109 154 45 56 47 176 111 117 33
Q. Remove what is already in.	195 32 126 170 41 48 62 54 97
R. Small casket for keeping some ancient token of value.	63 94 31 175 196 73 58 78 134
S. Distinguished Greek Phanariot family, active in public causes since early 18th cent.; busy Michigan town.	173 61 189 161 157 104 110 125 55
T. What grew in the land where the Owl and the Pussycat went to get their wedding ring (2 wds.).	164 146 19 156 64 116 57 102
U. Female slave, esp. in harem of Turkish sultan.	130 201 181 22 2 119 80 67 113
V. English countess who wrote verse as "Impulsia Gushington" (1807-67).	118 90 53 190 106 28 82 162
W. British explorer and author who lived in Kashmir (1863-1942).	96 72 81 172 192 103 197 135 159 21 59 1

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

MARCH 29, 1958

CONTENTS

THE NOT-SO-SECRET MUSICAL LIFE OF DANNY KAYE
By Irving Kolodin and Abram Chasins 37

PERSPECTIVES IN JAZZ
By Marshall W. Stearns 40

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Editor 42

TAPES IN REVIEW
By Mildred Norton 48

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz 52

THE AMEN CORNER
By Wilder Hobson 54

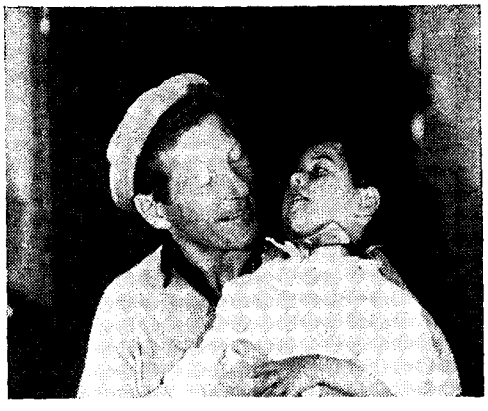
MOZART WEEK IN VIENNA
By Joseph Wechsberg 56

SCHUMANN ON BYRON
By Herbert Weinstock 58

ARTISTS AND ENCORES
By Yehudi Menuhin 60

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR 65

THE NOT-SO-SECRET MUSICAL LIFE OF DANNY KAYE



From "The Secret Life of Danny Kaye": Danny rubbing noses with an Israeli girl in a polio clinic.

By IRVING KOLODIN

NEW Danny Kaye records are always an event, and when there are two of them almost simultaneously, the good news calls for something more than lower-case notice. Especially, as in the instance of "Mommy, Gimme a Drinka Water" (Capitol T 937, $3.98) it acquaints us with a new composer, Milton Schafer, who not only writes engaging music, but also the verses which he sets. He may not have the verbal virtuosity of Johnny Mercer (who, with Saul Chaplin, created the songs which Kaye sings in "Merry Andrew," on Capitol T-937, $3.98), but he has more than enough for present purposes.

Those are concerned with the small world of a small boy, and with such soul-states as the title song, "Bathtub Admiral," "Crazy Barbara" (a schoolmate with sadistic tendencies, such as calling him "Moo moo," his mother's abbreviation of Maurice), and "I'm Hiding." Schafer is

(*Continued on page* 62)

By ABRAM CHASINS

A NEW apparition has appeared on the musical scene recently, not only in America, but abroad. He walks like, talks like, looks trim-and-tall-like Danny Kaye, but in addition manifests an incredible ability to make such orchestras as the New York Philharmonic, the Boston Symphony, the Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Israel, Stockholm, etc. do his bidding to the consternation of professional conductors and the delight of his audience. Who is this impostor, this sheep in impeccable tails? It is, indeed, Danny Kaye, pinpointing the troublesome truth that the source of magical musical power is far from anything that teaching, scholarship, or training can provide.

At his most recent appearance in New York, with and for the benefit of the Philharmonic Orchestra's Pension Fund, Kaye showed that he is more than a world-famed virtuoso on that volatile (not always well-tempered) instrument, the public. He demonstrated absolute command of an even less tractable instrument, the Philharmonic, whose members have on occasion been described by less fortunate conductors as "Murder, Inc." Kaye's triumph in a modest group of short works ranging from Rossini's "La Gazza Ladra" overture to Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever," which reduced all present to delirious helplessness, was always a musical one, whether the works were played straight or deliberately torn to tatters.

Kaye has been lending his enormous prestige to the benefit of orchestral musicians since 1954, when he tried his spurs at a Pension Fund Concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Last year he appeared in Boston, to the delight of the audience and the despair of an assistant conductor who said, "He has a tremendous advantage over the rest of us. We work half our lives with our noses in the score and the other half trying to get them out. He's already there." After the event, Kaye was inducted to become the only non-playing member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the history of that venerable organization. He was also presented with a gold baton, "so heavy you can't

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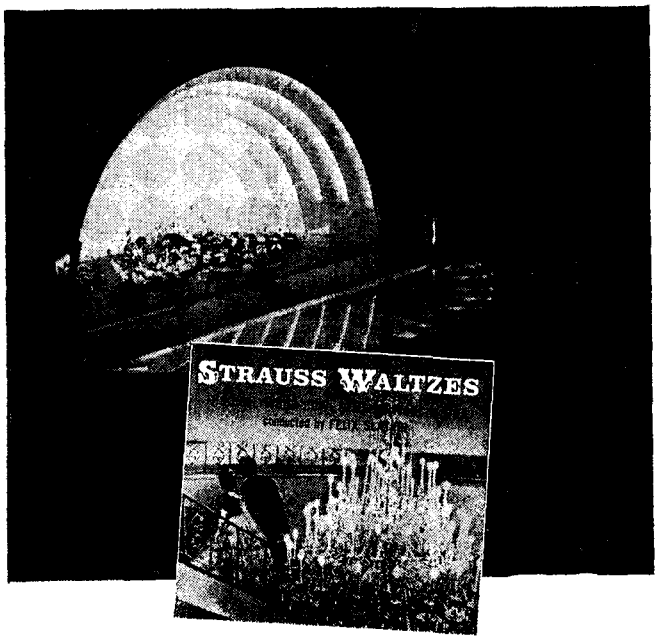

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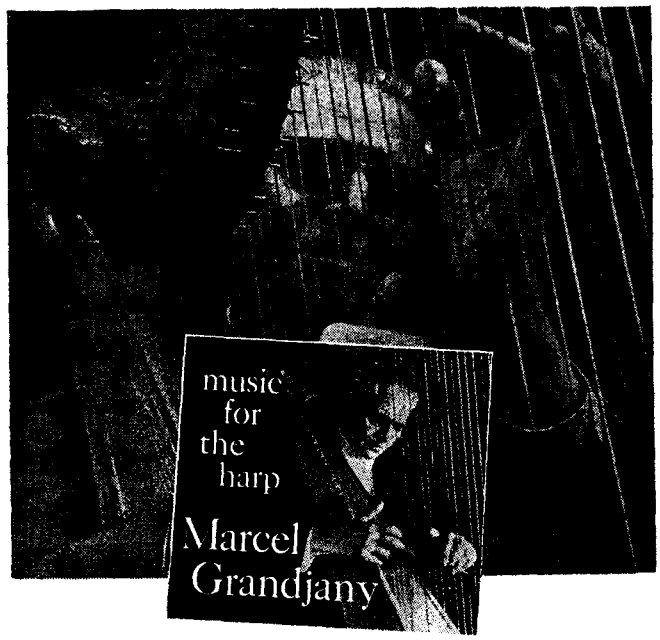

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lift it," Kaye said, and then added, "And don't think I can't figure out what that meant."

Despite all this, Danny Kaye's total musical preparation for such activity was a small stretch as a member of a boys' choir in Newark, New Jersey. Danny learned his part he says, by listening to "Pinky, the guy next to me, who nowadays also sings under the name of Jan Peerce." It was a brief encounter, for Danny was soon haunting the Catskill summer resorts where the itinerant entertainer doubled as a waiter when he wasn't participating in some skit or play or musical. But this was considerably short of his ambitions.

In the fall, Danny would come back to the big town, looking for some likely project. It was a fine day when a little review was being planned for one of those off-Broadway theatres which enlisted the talents of a greatly gifted pianist and writer, Sylvia Fine. Who was Sylvia? In Danny's book, the classical music background of this dark-haired, dark-eyed charmer made her the 1939 version of "a square." Nevertheless, Danny started immediately to date her, while Sylvia started immediately to "reform" her admirer by dragging him to Sunday night concerts at the Met.

"Danny was fascinated," says Mrs. Kaye. "At first he showed some resistance, trying to break me up by making one of his faces, especially during the operatic duets, but pretty soon he was getting genuinely excited. Finally, when his old pal Pinky knocked 'em cold one night, that did it. Danny went out to buy all his recordings. When his interest extended itself from the performers to the music, when he began to sing every note and word of whole operas, I suddenly realized that I had created a Frankenstein."

FROM then on, music was nothing that Danny could ever take or leave. For him, music has become a passional experience. He hears everybody and everything possible, and what he hears either transports him to ecstasy or infuriates him to unprintable language. He is never trapped by surface appeal or by mere virtuosity. "When he came upon Mozart's 'Don Giovanni'," Sylvia said, "Danny threw over everything else for a long time."

Musicians are the people for whom Kaye feels the greatest respect and kinship. Although he prizes his ability to capture and fracture audiences, way down deep he does not set nearly so high a valuation on the art of the actor or comedian as on the art of the musician. He is proud of his friendships with Artur Rubinstein, Isaac Stern, Ormandy, Munch, and with other eminent artists. But his respect is not only reserved for celebrities. When he makes his films, he spends his spare moments on the sound stage with the orchestra men, listening to the music and watching the techniques of instrumentalists and the characteristic of instruments. On recording dates, it is the conductor and the players who get the bulk of Danny's time and attention.

Mitropoulos (left): "Danny is fantastic. He should study and make conducting a second career. I hope you will quote me."

He doesn't just look and hear. He also observes and learns with photographic and phonographic accuracy. He is perhaps the most innately musical person I have ever known. Ask any piano teacher of his struggles to teach even the most gifted pupil a perfectly spaced duplet in one hand against a triplet in the other. Danny mastered it in a flash, on a table.

Sylvia relates that she wrote a gypsy musical number for the film, "Inspector General," which featured Danny playing the fiddle. This called for a composite trick shot where the left hand of one violinist and the right hand of another would combine to perform the composition while the camera trained on Danny's face as it reacted to the music. The effect was tried over and over again. It simply wouldn't work. Danny, used to freedom of movement without restriction, was paralyzed. "I was about to give up," says Sylvia, "when I suddenly realized with whom I was dealing." She asked Danny if he thought he could learn the bowings and fingerings of that piece in a week. He said he'd try. It took him two days. In the picture it was impossible to tell that Danny wasn't actually playing.

Apart from an unlimited capacity to learn, Kaye's professional pride balks at using "stand-ins" on picture assignments just to avoid danger or to provide special skills. "The Court Jester" called for a fencing scene. Disdaining the obvious hazard, Danny refused to use a double. After a few hours of practice with a sabre he announced his readiness to shoot the scene. He wore out the two adversaries hired to double for his co-star and finally wound up duelling with the fencing teacher, the only one who was able to take on Danny adequately.

In his own work, Danny Kaye has long mastered the techniques and principle of communication. His voice is unique in range, color, and flexibility, and his vocal method is flawless. He has a tonal accuracy, a clarity of diction, and a breath control which make the average trained singer sound amateurish. When he deliberately croons or gives his voice a permanent wave or when he scoops, screams, and sobs *a la* the operatic ham, he becomes the lethal satirist of all the worst vocal techniques.

AT THE Carnegie Hall concert only one person watched in absorbed fascination, not a smile crossing his lips. It was Dimitri Mitropoulos, who had invited Kaye to share the podium with him. When I asked Mitropoulos how he had been able to resist Kaye's

(*Continued on page* 64)

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PERSPECTIVES IN JAZZ

Those Everlasting Blues

Ben Webster—"communicates the dateless essence."

ALTHOUGH the radioactive fallout in the fission of jazz during the last fifteen years has produced a variety of fascinating mutations, the old blues form is still very much with us. Current encomiums such as "funky," "river-bottom," "swamp," "soul," and "down-home"—aside from illustrating the poverty of jazz jargon—stem directly from the blues. Looking back, we can now see that the hard core of jazz, even in the midst of the most radical experimentation, never deserted the blues.

Here is a key to modern jazz. For much of the best of it becomes readily accessible if you know the blues. Then, no matter how far-out the solo improvisation may be, you understand the chord progressions upon which it is based. Perhaps the easiest way to learn the sequence and duration of these chords is to pick them out on a piano—learn the accompaniment, for example, to "St. Louis Blues." Or if you can whistle the melody to the first part ("I hate to see the evening sun go down," and so forth), you already know the most famous melodic variation on the blues form.

Put it another way: you can, although it takes concentration, whistle "St. Louis Blues" as a variation on the themes of Glenn Miller's "In the Mood," Count Basie's "One O'Clock Jump," or Charlie Parker's "Now's the Time." It fits. At the same time, you will perforce become aware of some of the complications in melody, harmony, and rhythm which have been superimposed upon the ancient blues base. Like the ballad stanza in literature, the form of the blues is elementary but lends itself to considerable complexity. Playing the blues is still the acid test of a jazzman's invention.

A journey into modern jazz might well begin with Duke Ellington's "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue" on "Ellington at Newport" (Columbia 934). First recorded twenty years ago (Brunswick 8004), this treatment of the blues by the greatest colorist in jazz broke up the Newport Festival in 1956 and remains as fresh as tomorrow's newspaper. Then, by way of transition, skip to "Congo Blues" on "Comparative Blues" (Jazztone 1258), where both Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie define the modern solo style engagingly to the more traditional accompaniment of such musicians as Red Norvo, Slam Stewart, and Teddy Wilson.

Here we reach a plateau of highly palatable blues such as Dave Brubeck's "Bru's Blues" on "Jazz Goes to Junior College" (Columbia 1034), Gerry Mulligan's "Blues Going Up" on "The Blues" (Pacific 502), Tony Scott's "Finger Poppin' Blues" on "The Complete Tony Scott" (Victor 1452), and the Modern Jazz Quartet's "Ralph's Blues" on "Concorde" (Prestige 7005) and "Bluesology" on "Fontessa" (Atlantic 1231). Although selective, this list of superior performances suggests the range and scope of the blues in modern jazz.

The next step is for the adventurous only, for here we meet today's pioneers. And yet, given the best examples, the blues-oriented listener should find little difficulty and much pleasure. With repeated playing, Miles Davis's "Walkin'" from the album of the same name (Prestige 7074) can become a sheer joy. The same is true in varying degrees of Thelonious Monk's "Blue Monk" (Prestige 7027), Milt Jackson's "Bags' Groove" (Prestige 7109), and Charlie Mingus's "Back Home Blues" on "Mingus Three" (Jubilee 1054) with pianist Hampton Hawes.

At this point you might test your musical mettle by sampling the controversial pace-setters of tomorrow: Sonny Rollins's "Blue 7" on "Saxophone Colossus" (Prestige 7079), Horace Silver's "Senor Blues" on "Six Pieces of Silver" (Blue Note 1539), John Coltrane's "Blue Train" on the album of the same name (Blue Note 1577), and "Blues for Pablo" arranged for large band by Gil Evans on "Miles Ahead" (Columbia 1041). These are all blues—and the quality is there—but they demand careful listening.

Meanwhile, you can always discover whether or not you are blues susceptible. (Breathes there an American with soul so dead?) Simply listen to Ben Webster, who plays his tenor saxophone as if it were a direct extension of his voice and heart. On two recent LPs, "Some of My Favorites" (Victor 1449) and "Sweets" (Clef 717), Webster plays six blues which achieve a groove which might be described as eternal. "Easy on the Eye" and "Walkin' with Sweets" shade the others, but not by much. No experimentalist, Webster communicates the dateless essence, relaxed yet deeply felt.

Today, the blues are still spreading far and wide, at home and abroad. Why do they seem so indestructible? Perhaps they endure because they express something of the courage and compassion forged in the crucible of a struggle for survival by a gifted minority. Like the handicrafts of yesteryear, the imprint of the human spirit warms them. They are a key to jazz because we all have blue moods and, in a fundamental sense, none of us is wholly free.

—MARSHALL W. STEARNS.

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Recordings in Review

Schubert's "Great" C major

SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 9 in C major. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra.* Epic LC 3431, $3.98.

THE RECENT MUCH admired performance of this symphony by George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra in Carnegie Hall was denied to some because it conflicted with another happening in the opera house, but this excellent recording shows exactly why it was so much admired. It is, without question, one of the greatest of the "Great" C major (so named to distinguish it from Schubert's No. 6, also in C major), keenly alive to the challenges it presents from first to last, brimming with energy, and—as any really exceptional performance of this exceptional work must be—a product of the wholehearted participation of the men themselves, rather than merely following the bidding of a leader.

How it compares with the fine version of Furtwaengler (on Decca) provides an interesting study in the niceties of interpretative art. Szell's performance covers an economical forty-six minutes and thirty-six seconds, Furtwaengler's an elongated 54:14. It would hardly seem possible that one could add or subtract eight minutes in the performance time of a work lasting well under an hour without distorting it in one aspect or another.

The answer is, simply, a matter of emphasis. Szell's performance is keyed to the energy in the work, Furtwaengler's to its sentiment. There is, of course, plentiful energy in Furtwaengler's treatment, as there is sentiment in Szell's; but the latter's springier, livelier gait throughout gives a wonderful impulse to the playing that makes for an exhilarating experience. Both conceptions, it should be added, have the defects of their virtues: Szell's does move a little impetuously at the end of movement one, as Furtwaengler's drags in the slow movement. But a real surge of Schubertian thought courses through both. (For those with a curiosity about Toscanini's version, he takes the final flight into the empyrean with such velocity that the total performance timing—for which I note my indebtedness to the record library of WQXR, as in the other instances also—is 45:23).

Compliments to the orchestra should begin with the superb playing of the French horn soloist(s) from the first measure on, and take in the oboe, for movement two, and the total string section for the fourth movement in particular. Epic's engineers have preserved it all with a lucent warmth which equals, but could hardly exceed, the glow of pride Clevelanders should take in this achievement.

—Decca.

Maazel— "relevance of style."

Bruckner, at Length

BRUCKNER: *Symphonies No. 4 and 7. Eugen Jochum conducting the Bavarian Radio Symphony and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestras.* Decca DXE 146, $11.94.

EUGEN JOCHUM needs no introduction as a conductor with a special understanding of Bruckner's idiom, as those who are acquainted with his versions of the Eighth and Ninth Symphonies (for Decca) are aware. Not surprisingly, then, there are some fresh insights to be gained in his versions of these two works, the most played if not the best to the composer's credit. Both are performed in the "original" version, a matter of more consequence in No. 7 (where some recent performers have used an abbreviated version of the finale) than in No. 4.

The special distinction of Jochum's treatment is avoidance of the bombast and exaggeration which comes so easily in works on the scale of Bruckner's, and utilizing expanded brass choirs. Allowing the brass unrestricted freedom, and encouraging the strings to vie with them in the production of sufficient tone to be heard, may make for a gaudy noise, and an easy effect on the impressionable, but it has, I am sure, also contributed to the reputation of Bruckner for banality, naiveté, etc.

As Jochum shows us so well in No. 4, a gentler, more modest scale of tonal values can restore pristine simplicity to ideas which otherwise sound naive; also, when the proper emphasis is put on the slight variations of statement and texture that accompany the reappearance of a theme, the total number of such reappearances may not seem as pointless as they sometimes do. At the same time, Jochum is not at all reticent with a climax when he feels one is essential—with the consequence that it is twice as effective as it might be in other circumstances.

To be sure, in helping us to understand Bruckner better he may not succeed in making us love him more—but it is a contribution to enlightenment to have all the values in a proper perspective, to base a judgment on a clear statement of a case rather than a distorted one. If the discussion here deals more with No. 4 than No. 7 it is because the impressions were gathered in that sequence. But as much could be said of the later as of the earlier work. Both orchestras perform with meticulous precision and constant beauty of sound, a decided tribute to Jochum's strength of purpose and orchestral authority. Fine recording also.

Return of Maazel

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Romeo and Juliet."* PROKOFIEV: *"Romeo and Juliet" excerpts. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Lorin Maazel.* Decca DL 9967, $3.98.

AS THOSE WHO were concertgoers in the late 1930s and early years of the war will recall, a current prodigy of that period was Lorin Maazel, who differed from others in requiring an orchestra to conduct. Later he made a debut as a violinist, but, by the evidence of the "sleeve" of this record, he is now devoting himself to conducting. Indeed, there have been reports from Italy that Maazel, now aged twenty-eight, is one of the more talented performers to be heard in that country lately.

This may very well be true, but the evidence of this coupling is not too auspicious. For one thing, Maazel is all too true to the conventions of the day in being more at ease with Prokofiev than Tchaikovsky, for all the hackneyed character of the "Romeo and Juliet" overture-fantasy. Naturalness of statement and breadth of conception are equally lacking in a treatment which tends to hurry and superficiality, an end to which the Berlin Philharmonic devotes itself with determination if not enthusiasm.

In the Prokofiev excerpts (Nos. 1,4,6, and 7 of Suite Two, plus "The

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Death of Tybalt" from Suite One) Maazel operates with a good deal more composure, and relevance of style to the material with which he is dealing. Even so, it is not a more than competent performance he achieves, one which would not merit extended comment save for the special circumstances involved. The recording, for its part, leaves little to be desired.

Rubinstein and Jorda

FALLA: *"Nights in the Gardens of Spain." Artur Rubinstein, piano, with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra conducted by Enrique Jorda.* Granados: *"The Maid and the Nightingale," "Danzas Espanolas" No. 5 ("Andaluza"),* Albeniz: *"Sevillana," "Cordoba,"* Mompou: *"Canço i Dansa" and* Falla: *"Miller's Dance." Rubinstein.* RCA Victor LM 2181, $4.98.

AS IS TOLERABLY well known, Artur Rubinstein enjoyed some of the earliest successes of his public life in Spain, though, at that time, he didn't play the music of that country. In a discharge of this debt of artistic gratitude, perhaps, he has made more friends for the legacy of keyboard art by Spaniards than any other non-Spanish pianist of the day. It began a long time ago (as various well-scarred 78 rpm sides still attest) and it is still going on.

The partnership with Jorda is a particularly happy one, not only because he is a native of San Sebastian, but also because he has a demonstrated sympathy for this particular work (his collaboration with Clifford Curzon on London 445 was for several years the preferable way to hear this music). As Rubinstein is very much in command, not only of the style and mood, but of much more tonal variety and artistic perception than most pianists who concern themselves with this work, the results are outstandingly good. My only complaint would have to do with the playing of the orchestra: in some of the climaxes it is clear that it lacks real tonal depth, that its strings, in particular, are not of the first rank. The recording is competent, but not an enhancement of either aspect of the performance.

One would, for example, give more for a "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" in which the Rubinstein sound of his solo side would be preserved. As long as he has been playing these expressive, uncomplicated works, his interest in them is still keen, his ability to charm us with a turn of phrase or a rich sonority unimpaired. Indeed, it sounds now and then that he plays "The Maiden and the Nightingale" or "Cordoba" or "Andaluza" in a more reflective spirit, and thus to more expressive ends, than ever before.

Star Studded "Gioconda"

PONCHIELLI: *"La Gioconda." Anita Cerquetti, Giulietta Simionato, Mario del Monaco, Ettore Bastianini, and Cesare Siepi, with Gianandrea Gavazzeni conducting the orchestra and chorus of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino.* London A 4331, $14.94.

FOR A COMPANY to assemble the list of performers noted above is self-sufficient evidence of its good will as well as its preference for making, rather than losing, money. Each has a substantial following in his or her own right, each—with the exception of Miss Cerquetti—can reasonably be described as a star in the firmament of Italian opera, and hers certainly is a rising one. But, for whatever reasons, this is one occasion when the stars failed to come out, or to shine as they should.

Aside from the inequalities of performance to be expected in any performance of "Gioconda"—where in the world can six top singers (the unnamed La Cieca in the listing above is Franca Sacchi) be found in prime vocal condition all at once?—there is a persistent blanket over the sound from first to last, a remoteness from the microphone in the solo voices which can only be attributed to some kind of miscalculation at the source. The simple fact seems to be that there is no proper recording hall in Florence (the Communale, with its notoriously difficult acoustic properties was bypassed), and the high hopes one had for this venture are mostly unfulfilled.

On stage, performances of "Gioconda" tend to flout the laws of the operatic jungle at their worst unless there is a strongminded conductor to keep order. Gavazzeni, for all his competence (the "Dance of the Hours" clicks off in timely fashion) is no such Solon, with the result that singers go very much their own uncertain ways. Simionato is much the best of them, especially in "L'amo come il fulgor del creato" which she sings wonderfully well (as she does also the preceding "Stella del marinar"), and Bastianini is not far behind her. It is without question his best phonographic achievement to date. However I do not find the del Monaco sound at all suitable for "Cielo e mar," and there is too little otherwise suited to his strenuous method (he makes an effort to sing "ah! vien" tastefully, but with a top B flat instead of the written G) to make attractive listening.

As for Cerquetti, she is hardly ready yet to sing a full-length Gioconda with even effect from start to finish, though there are some splendid outbursts here and there ("Suicidio," unfortunately, is not one of them). Siepi's deep sound is so unfavored by the reproduction as to belie the kind of distinction he is known to possess. Sacchi is a woman of weighty voice, and also a tremolo that makes "Voce di donna" rather too literally the sound of an aged woman. The chorus and orchestra do their work efficiently, but with too little vibrance of sound—either in the original performance or in what the microphone picks up—to give Ponchielli's generous allotment of opportunity to them the realization it merits.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Szell—"wonderful impulse."

Simionato—"much the best."

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPS

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concertos Nos. 1 and 2. Cor de Groot, piano, with the Vienna Symphony conducted by Willem van Otterloo. Epic LC 3434. $3.98.	For beauty of sound as well as fluency of execution, this pairing takes a high place in the list of current Beethoven issues. The Epic (Philips) engineers have provided a tape of such balance and clarity that whatever loss there may be in containing each work on a single disc side (all other versions of No. 1 are spread over two) does not noticeably affect the tonal result. De Groot's inclinations are admirably suited to these works, to which he imparts form without rigidity and individuality without distortion. Otterloo's excellent direction of the orchestra is also a factor in the good results.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 5 ("Emperor"). Clifford Curzon, piano, with Hans Knappertsbusch conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London LL 1757, $3.98.	This version is much in the manner of Curzon's previous effort with Szell, abetted by an orchestral sound of uncommon solidity at the bottom and brilliance at the top. That is to say, it is more notable for solidity of workmanship than illuminating thought, straightforward but not particularly subtle. Knappertsbusch's direction of the orchestra could accommodate a bigger style than Curzon provides. The high Vienna pitch almost puts the tonality in E major.
Brahms: Concerto in A minor. Mischa Mischakoff, violin, and Frank Miller, cello, with the NBC symphony conducted by Arturo Toscanini. RCA Victor LM 2178, $4.98.	There are many records (including more than a few orchestral ones) made prior to November 3, 1948, which are still listenable today, but NBC's devotion to Studio 8H unfortunately blighted this one almost beyond current utility. This is particularly deplorable since the interpretation is highly charged, with the orchestral participation on behalf of its member-soloists akin to chamber-music performance. However, the sound lacks real body, and is almost bereft of resonance.
Elgar: "Cockaigne." Berlioz: "Carnaval Romain," Beethoven: "Coriolan," Brahms: "Tragic," Von Suppe: "Morning, Noon and Night," overtures. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia ML 5247, $3.98.	So far as I can determine, only the Elgar has not been issued previously in one Beecham collection or another: it is a stirring work, beautifully played under his impelling direction, but those who have Columbia Nos. 5171, 5029, or 5064 will be buying duplicates of their contents. For others, it may be recommended for the superior Berlioz, Suppe and Beethoven, with a reservation for the somewhat stodgy Brahms. Warm, individualized sound throughout.
Goeb: Symphony No. 3, Weber (Ben): Symphony on Poems of William Blake. Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Warren Galjour, baritone. Composers' Recordings CRI 120, $5.95.	Stokowski's efforts on behalf of these two young composers should be very much to their benefit, though he has more to work with in the Goeb than the Weber. As noted when it was first performed in a CBS festival (1952) under Stokowski's direction, Goeb uses the orchestra with uncommon expertness. I do not find, however, that Blake's "To Autumn," "Mad Song" and "To Spring" gain much from Weber's twelve-tone techniques. Galjour performs capably, as does the orchestra, but the reproduction lacks perspective and richness of sound.
Khatchaturian: Concerto. Saint-Saëns: "Havanaise." Leonid Kogan, violin, with the Boston Symphony directed by Pierre Monteux. RCA Victor LM 2220, $4.98.	The newest Russian violin-playing sensation would seem a ready mate for Khatchaturian's showy work, but Kogan lacks the kind of slashing attack and searing tonal impact it requires. Much of the lyric matter is sensitively formed, but he fails to give its other qualities their due (which, in this opinion, is not much in any case). Kogan redeems himself with a version of the Saint-Saëns which is both fluent and well-spoken, violinistically. The violin sounds well alone, but the balance otherwise favors the orchestra. Altogether the recording tends to the muffled and indistinct, save for climaxes.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 3. Victor Merzhanov, piano, with Nikolai Anosov conducting the State Orchestra of the USSR. Monitor MC 2012, $4.98.	Merzhanov is a member of the faculty of the Moscow Conservatory, a pianist of sizable technical command and uncommon musicality. Judgment otherwise of his qualities is not facilitated by this work or its reproduction, a lack of real tonal power being due, perhaps, to faulty processing. He also plays three Liszt etudes after Paganini (including "La Chasse" and "La Campanella") with virtuosity and taste.
Rimsky-Korsakov: "Capriccio Espagnol," Borodin: "Steppes of Central Asia," Moussorgsky: "Night on Bald Mountain," Glinka: "Kamarinskaya." Jean Fournet conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra. Epic 3432, $3.98.	The Lamoureux Orchestra cannot compare in powerful brass or virtuoso climaxes with some other orchestras which have recorded these showpieces, but it has compensating virtues of individual excellence, especially in its solo woodwinds. Fournet has a typical kind of French feeling for the Russian idiom, beneficial not only to tone color but also to appropriate tempi and suitable dynamics. Ohan Dourian does well as conductor of "Kamarinskaya." Satisfactory sound.
Schumann: Symphony No. 1. Ferenc Fricsay conducting the Berlin Radio Symphony, Smetana: "Vltava." Fricsay and the Berlin Philharmonic. Decca DL 9960, $3.98.	Poetry has never been a conspicuous element in Fricsay's musical nature, and these are two works in which it is an indispensable element. For the most part he seems concerned with clean, well-balanced execution which is well enough as far as it goes, but leaves much wanting. Even the brief "Vltava" rolls along methodically and with little evocative feeling in Friscay's treatment. Good recording.
Schumann: Symphony No. 3 ("Rhenish"). Sir Adrian Boult conducting. Westminster LAB 7062, $7.50.	A rather up-and-down version of this score, in which Boult does his best work in the first and last movements, but is less convincing in the slow movement and the scherzo. The quality of the playing doesn't strike me as comparable to the kind delivered by Boult and the orchestra of the same name (personnel not guaranteed to be identical) in Holst's "Planets," among other things.
Sibelius: "En Saga," "Pohjola's Daughter," "Oceanides," and "Tapiola." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5249, $3.98.	No record which shows the Philadelphia Orchestra at its best can fail to be stimulating, and this brilliant one certainly qualifies for that distinction. Ormandy's own contribution is considerable, but the lights and shades of the sound, the fullness of brass climaxes attained without distortion shows that Columbia's recording techniques are keeping pace with progress elsewhere. The clear woodwind sound in "Oceanides" and the rich string color of "Tapiola" are worth noting.
Walton: Concerto. Bloch: "Schelomo." Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch. RCA Victor LM 2109, $4.98.	After several listenings (in addition to the concert performance in New York late last season) it seems clear that had Walton sustained his best level through this work it would have been outstanding among contemporary creations for the instrument. However, the fast movements do not match the qualities of the slow (beginning and ending) ones. In spite of this it offers a good deal of opportunity for Piatigorsky to display his great gifts, against an orchestral background in keeping with his accomplishment. The newest "Schelomo" is also one of the best played, though the sound is dryer, less vibrant than one could expect at the present. —Irving Kolodin.

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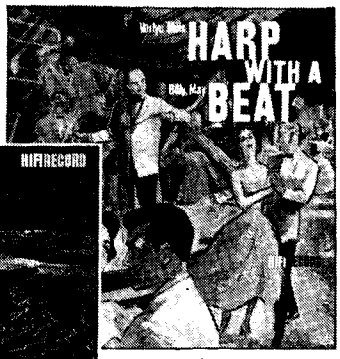

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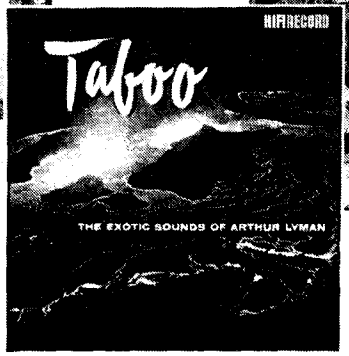

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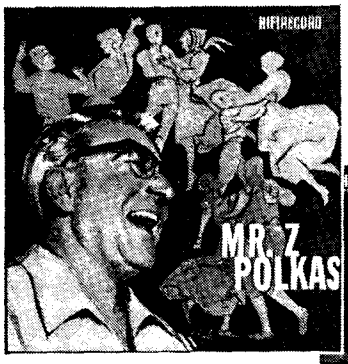

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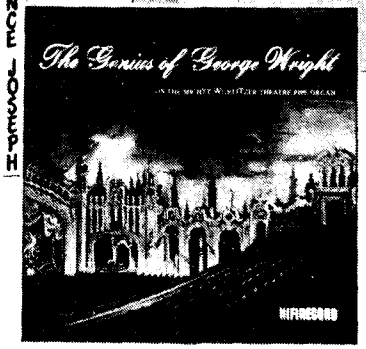

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, Toccatas in E minor and D major, etc. Christopher Wood, harpsichord. Haydn Society 9009, $5.95.	Wood's identity is unknown to me, and the record is almost equally noncommital about his performing personality. It provides the impression of a harpsichord being played with a certain determination and purposefulness, but with no uncommon taste or insight. In consequence, one piece tends to sound much like another, with the additional fact that the best known work—the "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue"—also sounds the best. Clean reproduction of a stringy-sounding instrument.
Beethoven: Sonatas in E minor (opus 90) and A major (opus 101). Ernst Levy, piano. Unicorn UNLP 1051, $3.98.	The scholarship of Levy, his devotion to the ideals of clarity and discipline which must precede any reasonable justice to Beethoven are as conspicuous in this pairing as in the previous discs of his Beethoven series. Some pianists have savored their romanticism more deeply than Levy does, but the substance of both is strongly stated. Good piano sound from MIT's Kresge Auditorium.
Beethoven: Variations in C minor, Andante Favori in F, "Für Elise," Bagatelles (opus 126), Ecossaises in E flat. Andor Foldes, piano. Decca DL 9964, $3.98.	How minor these works are in Beethoven's catalogue depends very much on what the performer sees in them, as Schnabel's "Für Elise" will always remind us. Foldes is as fingersure as a performer of them need be, but if he doesn't overstate the contents of this disc, he also lacks the kind of imaginative, recreative flair to make them alive, however modestly. Respectable, but mostly pedagogic, playing.
Brahms: "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer," "Staendchen," etc. Poulenc: "Fiançailles pour Rire," Turina: "Poema en forma de canciones." Gloria Davy, soprano, with Giorgio Favaretto. London LL 5395, $3.98.	For all the talent she possesses, this is a rather premature enterprise on behalf of Miss Davy, who made her Metropolitan debut as Aida recently. The record supports the view that her talents are lyric rather than dramatic, with the sound better suited to the line of Poulenc and Turina than Brahms. In all (including four songs with English texts by Purcell), her enunciation is indistinct, her absorption of moods and emotions insufficient to give back more than a portion of what they contain. Favaretto plays suitable accompaniments and the recording is very good.
Debussy: "Clair de lune," Brahms: "Wiegenlied," etc. Philadelphia Piano Orchestra. Epic LN 3435, $3.98.	It is clearly the thesis of this disc that if one pianist playing "Clair de lune" is enjoyable, then ten pianists at five pianos must be ten times as enjoyable. As these performances under the direction of Carle Knisley show—not necessarily. When the girls (Ashley Montague, please copy) turn their talents to the first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, undulating it with the regularity of so many sewing machines, one cannot only conclude that the value of widespread musical education is grossly exaggerated. Their "gamut" ranges from "Two Guitars" to the "Warsaw Concerto," worse luck. Hardly an epic recording, regardless of what the label says.
Francaix: "Le Diable Boiteux." Hugues Cuenod, tenor, Doda Conrad, bass, with the composer conducting a chamber ensemble. Other songs. Westminster XWN 18543, $3.98.	An absorbing disc, not only for the fantasy and taste of Francaix's setting of texts by himself ("Diable Boiteux"), Agrippa d'Aubigne ("Prière du Soir") and Marot ("Chanson") but for the participation of the unique Cuenod in all of these. Plainly Francaix is a composer whose works should be known better. Conrad works hard at his assignment (which includes the "Cantata de Mephisto") but his vocal limitations are pronounced. Hermann Leeb is the assisting guitarist and the recording is well accomplished.
Handel: Sonata in G minor (Op. 2, No. 7), Benda: Trio Sonata in E, Sarasate: "Navarra," Wieniawski: "Etude Caprices" (Op. 18). David and Igor Oistrakh, violins, with Vladimir Yampolsky, piano and the Gewandhaus Orchestra conducted by Franz Konwitschny. Decca DL 9962, $3.98.	The filial affiliation of the Oistrakhs produces admirable results in the classical works of Handel and Benda (a Bohemian musician of 1722-1795), but it takes wings in the more highly charged works of Sarasate and Wieniawski. The latter, in particular, with its closely matched double and triple stopping, is a keen example of thoroughly meshed mechanics. The orchestral participation in the Sarasate is adroitly done. Good reproduction.
Parsi: "Divertimento del Sur," Sonata. Milton Katims conducting a chamber ensemble. J. M. Sanroma, piano. Cook 1061, $4.98.	A byproduct of last spring's Casals Festival in Puerto Rico, this disc shows the American and European trained Parsi to be a young composer of uncommon talents. Sometimes they tend to express themselves through Stravinskian mannerisms, but there is a core of individuality which is Parsi's own. The "Divertimento," intently preformed under Katim's energetic direction, strikes me as a more interesting work than the sonata, well as it is played by Sanroma. The packaging looks well, but how does one keep the record after the vinyl envelope has been split open?
Powell: Trio. Divertimento for Violin and Harp. Divertimento for Wind Quintet. Composer's Recordings CRI-121, $5.95.	The manifold musical gifts of Mel Powell (the same man known for his swinging, inventive jazz piano playing and writing) are so deeply founded one can only wish and wait for them to reach maturity. These mostly intellectual efforts are accomplished thriftily, and with taste, but it does not strike me that they convey the real personality and power of the composer. Herbert Sorkin, violin, Lucille Burnham, piano, Ray Schweitzer, cello, and Margaret Ross, harp, perform well as does the wind quintet.
Puccini: "Recondita armonia" and "E lucevan le stelle," plus half a dozen other arias. Flaviano Labo, tenor, with Fernando Previtali conducting. London LL 5408, $3.98. The same: Carlo Bergonzi, tenor, with ten other arias. G. Gavazzeni conducting. London 5346, $3.98.	Labo's ringing sound and clean style commend him even more as a recording performer than in the opera house, for the shortness of stature which impedes his stage work is no factor in the studio. Also, he is more a master of these arias (plus others from "Turandot," "Boheme," "Gioconda," "Fedora," and "Forza") than he is of the complete roles. Bergonzi's Puccini is more successful than his strained efforts with "Celeste Aida" or "Ah! si ben mio" from "Trovatore." Indeed, when he relaxes for the "Tosca" arias, or two from "Adriana Lecouvreur," he gives promise of becoming a singer of consequence. Good sound in both.
Serra: "El Petit Albert," "El Gegants de Vilanova," Boix: "Novembre," "Clemencia," "Per Anna Maria," etc. Cobla Girona. Capitol T 10121, $3.98.	The Cobla Girona is an ensemble of Spain's Costa Brava consisting of seven brass and five woodwinds, most of them variants in size and timbre on the conventional trumpets, clarinets, etc. It plays "Sardanas," (to which evolutions comparable to our square dances are performed) in which lively tunes with a Moorish tinge abound. The performers are skillful, the sound from Barcelona better than one might expect. —I. K.

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Tapes in Review

Milstein's Dvorak

DVORAK: *Violin Concerto in A minor. Nathan Milstein, violin, with William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.* Capitol stereo tape ZF-26. $14.95.

THIS CONCERTO'S neglect in the concert hall is puzzling, for it possesses many of the qualities that audiences find appealing: rhythmic verve, romantic melody, and, if not the most challenging pyrotechnics, enough to lend the final movement a satisfactory measure of excitement. In the recording sphere also, it has had to defer to better established favorites, the only stellar names hitherto linked with it on discs being that of Oistrakh and Milstein.

Capitol's choice continues a collaboration by Milstein and the Pittsburgh Symphony which has already dealt with Bruch, Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn and Glazounow. It provides fresh opportunity for Milstein and William Steinberg to pursue their happy partnership. In its first example on tape, Milstein plays with fully matured artistry and a personal conviction spiritually allied to the music's Slavic source. Steinberg's sympathetic reinforcement preserves an unbroken flow of expression between soloist and orchestra that results in an organically taut, often compellingly beautiful, performance.

The recording is one of Capitol's best, a live, finely-balanced example of engineering skill pitted against the defiant acoustics of Pittsburgh's Syria Mosque. The tape, however, does not include the Glazounow concerto, as does the disc (Capitol P-8382).

New Hungarian

LAJTHA: *Quartet No. 9, opus 57. The Amati String Quartet.* Audio Arts Stereo tape ST-18. $11.95.

LASZLO LAJTHA, less well known in this country than his compatriots, Bartok and Kodaly, shares their mutual indebtedness to a Magyar folk ethos, although his music, as exemplified in this late quartet, deals more conventionally with its melodic elements, and a strong French bias tempers his Hungarian vigor. This premiere recording of the work introduces tape collectors to a challenging contemporary talent. (The only other recording has been the recent Decca discing of the Seventh Quartet by the Paganini ensemble.)

Also making their stereo debut is the Amati String Quartet, a West Coast foursome comprising Jeanette Violin and Mary Laporte, violins; Maxine Johnson, viola, and Gloria Strassner, cello. It demonstrates fine ensemble rapport and the musical intelligence which is the sine qua non of any interpretative effort. The playing reflects a full awareness of the work's imaginative vigor and formal mastery.

The recording by Audio Arts, Inc., a young West Coast company, has a clean, live sound and good dynamic balance.

Variations on Variations

BRITTEN: *"The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra."* DOHNANYI: *"Variations on a Nursery Tune." Felix Slatkin conducting the Concert Arts Symphony Orchestra; Victor Aller, piano.* Capitol stereo tape ZF-23. $14.95.

IN ITS PRESENT release, "The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra" might make an equally good guide to stereophonic sound for persons of any age. Musical considerations aside (although these are by no means negligible), the work offers an unusual demonstration of the sonority, tonal separation, and wide dynamic range that can be purveyed by the multichannel medium.

For their own part, Slatkin and the Concert Arts group deal admirably with the extreme tonal and contrapuntal effects Britten incorporated into his witty but purposeful elaborations on Purcell's stately tune.

Dohnanyi's equally good-humored variations on a quite different tune have their keyboard passages capably drawn by Victor Aller, with Slatkin drawing a surprising show of lyric power from the strings. This work's drolleries tend to obscure the craft that fashions its several variations; the inventive subtleties, also, are more sensitively revealed by this stereo version than by the corresponding LP (Capitol P-8373).

—MILDRED NORTON.

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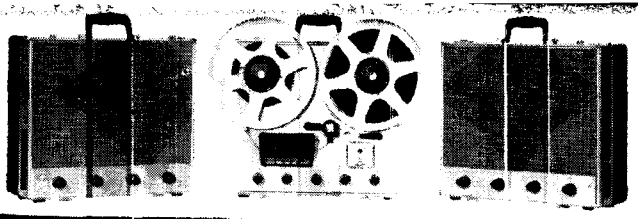

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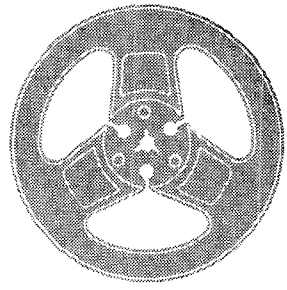

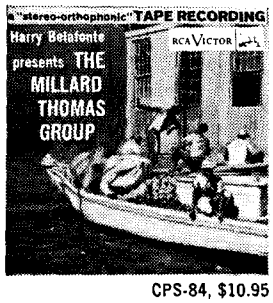

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Recordings Reports: Pre-recorded Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Borodin: "Polovetsian Dances." Heinrich Alster conducting the Hamburg Philharmonia Orchestra. Bel Canto ST-23. $7.95.	Aside from some nice playing by the Hamburg orchestra, this lively excerpt from "Prince Igor" has been imperfectly realized, a dull, uneven tape serving to muffle the basically good instrumental tone. The ensemble seems capable of providing more than is asked of it in this pedestrian effort.
Dvorak: Serenade, op. 44. David Raksin conducting the Los Angeles Woodwinds. Audio Arts ST-8. $11.95.	A well-prepared, workmanlike performance by players of individual finish and ensemble experience, conducted with regard for chamber music values. Instrumental transparency and balance, as well as careful phrasing, enhance a conscientious treatment that honors all repeat markings. The total effect might be more radiant, although this may be less a matter of performance than of the music which, for all its candid evocation of the B Flat Serenade, is not Mozart but Dvorak—albeit at his most charming. A clean, honest studio recording presents this West Coast ensemble to good advantage in its stereo debut.
Gliere: "Ilya Mourometz" (Symphony No. 3). Leopold Stokowski conducting the Houston Symphony Orchestra. Capitol ZF-27. $14.95.	Stokowski's long proven ability to extract maximum sonority from an orchestra is confirmed in this tape version of Capitol's recent discing (P-8402). Gliere's epic narrative has been somewhat abridged, but the remainder is expanded to full breadth under the dual agencies of Stokowski and stereo. His earlier discing with the Philadelphia Orchestra had a slight advantage in instrumental finesse, but the Houston ensemble manages to sound impressively suave in stereo. Quiet, live tape.
Glinka: "Russlan and Ludmilla" Overture; Tchaikovsky: "Melodie," etc. Carmen Dragon conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. Capitol ZF-24. $14.95.	As its composite title, "Russkaya!" suggests, this draws on Russian pieces which form part of Capitol's similarly-titled disc (P-8384). The stereo sound, however, is more full-bodied, the instrumental timbres better defined. Dragon is happiest in those numbers which are performed in their original setting, such as the Glinka overture and the "Dance of the Buffoons" from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Snow Maiden." His own arrangements of "The Volga Boatman," "Kamennoi-Ostrow" and "Meadowland" are over-wrought, even more feverish in the exaggerated dynamics of their performance.
Herold: "Zampa" Overture; Reznicek: "Donna Diana" Overture. Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Sonotape SWB-7022. $6.95.	Few, if any, cliches were overlooked in the writing of these two overtures, but their endorsement by Scherchen and the orchestra is sufficiently vigorous to endow them with enlivening swagger. Scherchen also invests both pieces with a definable character, treating the fustian of one and the labored pleasantries of the other with impartial skill. The short, moderately-priced tape is quiet, well-processed.
Julie Andrews singing "London Pride," "As I Went A-Roaming," others: Irwin Kostal conducting. RCA Victor BPS-85. $8.95.	Even those who have not seen Miss Andrews on the stage might easily lose their hearts to her fresh, sweet voice singing these delightful airs and ballads. Unusually expressive diction, an unaffected manner, and a young-hearted approach are among the many persuasive attributes of a refreshing vocal personality. It may surprise some to find Handel's "Where'er you Walk" described as a "ballad," but its sentiments are timelessly self-evident. Irwin Kostal's arrangements and conducting add further to a recording in which an echo chamber discreetly enhances the effect.
Offenbach (Rosenthal): "Gaite Parisienne" Ballet. Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MCS5-15. $11.95.	Recordings of this music are not scarce, but I challenge any to show the superb balletic sense Dorati brings to this performance. The tautness and rhythmic authority are, of course, traceable to his years of ballet conducting, but overlaying these is the symphonic talent to present this music suavely and expressively. The orchestra is also on its toes, the recording brilliant.
Ruffles and Flourishes: Music for Field Trumpets and Drums. Frederick Fennell conducting members of the Eastman Symphony Wind Ensemble. Mercury MS5-13. $8.95.	The Field Music of the U.S. Armed Forces may forever give rise to mixed feelings in thousands of servicemen for whom a bugle call retains the force of a categorical imperative. Past associations notwithstanding, these pieces fall very pleasantly on the ear as presented by the skillful Eastman wind players. Of the many marching and inspection pieces, special sentiment may attach to such inclusions as "Soapsuds Row," "You're in the Army Now," "I've Got Three Years to Do This In," and "Pay Day." The excellent tape has good separation, and Fennell's brief notes on the history of Field Music make pleasurable reading.
Saint-Saëns: "Bacchanale" from "Samson and Delilah"; Rimsky-Korsakoff: "Hymn to the Sun" from "Le Coq d'Or." Armando Aliberti conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Sonotape SWB-7023. $6.95.	This wholly orchestral release has been musically and technically well turned out. The Vienna players perform in their usual admirable fashion. The sound is not brilliant, but the effect is true, well balanced.
Schoenberg: Suite, op. 29. Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble. Period PST-7. $11.95.	The 12-tone astringencies of this seem much less forbidding when listened to on stereo, which reveals with clarity not only the surface tension but the deep-lying nostalgia of music that is essentially disarmed. The septet of instrumentalists perform with a high degree of skill and understanding; the tape is well-processed, bright sounding.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 2 ("Little Russian"). Hans Swarowsky conducting the Vienna Philharmusica Symphony Orchestra. Urania UST-1205. $11.95.	Even in this early effort Tchaikovsky's abundant melodic gifts are evident, but the score sounds rather tentatively strung together. Swarowsky's deliberate tempo makes it seem even more bareboned, over-long for its thinness of ideas. The impression is of the music being simply read from the printed score, with no attempt to minimize its structural weaknesses. The orchestra's sluggish response does nothing to relieve the disjunctive effect. Sound itself is good.
Tchaikovsky: "Nutcracker" Suite. Heinrich Alster conducting the Hamburg Philharmonia Orchestra. Bel Canto ST-24. $9.95.	Technically, this offers little improvement over the Borodin release (above), an uneven recording again preventing the character of the performance from being fairly evaluated. Sound is poorly balanced, and lacks the sonority, presence and multi-dimensional effect one expects of stereophonic reproduction. —M. N.

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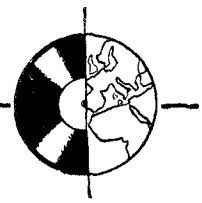
THE OTHER SIDE



KEMPE'S WAGNER, KOGAN'S BRAHMS

LONDON.

IF AN ideal performance of "Die Meistersinger" is too much to expect at present, HMV's new one does at least represent a marked all-round improvement over its Urania, Decca, and Columbia predecessors; the very least that can be said on behalf of HMV is that the company has picked a cast without a single weak link. Since he directed the Urania recording, Rudolf Kempe has matured into the most consistently satisfying Wagner conductor now before the public, and he gives us a deeply considered, beautifully controlled reading of this beloved score, a reading that is all of a piece and utterly devoid of spurious excitement or showmanship. He is gloriously served by the Berlin Philharmonic and by an admirable chorus drawn from St. Hedwig's Cathedral and two of Berlin's opera houses: the orchestral playing is a constant joy to hear and the important choral passages—the opening chorale, the fight scene, the entry of the guilds, and the "Wach' auf!" chorus—have never sounded more musical than here.

Among the principals there are a number of old friends, such as Gerhard Unger's sterling David and Ferdinand Frantz's ripe and authoritative Sachs. Unger now holds a record which must be unique in the history of the phonograph: he has sung the part of David, at various stages in his career, in three out of four complete "Meistersinger" recordings (his sole rival being Decca's Dermota)! Frantz here records Sachs for the second time; his voice is no longer as firm at the upper end of the scale as in the Urania set, but he is now far more inside the part and I greatly prefer him to Schöffler and Edelmann. Gottlob Frick's Pogner is a little disappointing—a fine voice but rather a "heavy father"—and Benno Kusche, whose brilliantly acted Beckmesser was acclaimed at Covent Garden some years ago, is frequently guilty of overacting in trying to make the character as vivid on discs as on the stage.

Elisabeth Grümmer is a charming Eva, eschewing any suggestion of coyness or affectation, though she is vocally less secure than, say, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—at any rate until we reach the great quintet, which she launches nobly. Marga Höffgen's agreeably youthful Magdalene makes David's passion appear less of an "affair of the stomach" than usual, while Neidlinger, a coarse Sachs at last summer's Bayreuth Festival, gives us a thoroughly competent Kothner.

I have left Walther von Stolzing to the end, not because he is, as so often, a blot on the landscape, but rather because this is one of those rare "Meistersinger" where the principal tenor does not let the side down. Rudolf Schock is not a great Walther—has there been such a one since the days of Slezak?—but he is vastly better than Messrs. Aldenhoff, Treptow, and Hopf; his pleasant, lyrical tenor with its slightly Tauberish timbre has gained in power since last I heard him, and he sings his arduous music with enthusiasm and no little skill. For this, and for much else besides, Wagnerites have much cause to feel grateful to HMV, even if some of the side endings appear to have been determined by an editor's stopwatch. And why, in heaven's name, should a "deathly hush" descend on the crowd during the procession of the masters, thus making the apprentices' concerted "Silentium!" appear as though directed at the orchestra?

THREE young violinists are featured in current EMI lists, between them contributing new recordings of four of the most important concertos in the repertoire (three are in D major, one is in E minor—need I be more specific?). The most distinguished playing comes from Leonid Kogan in the Brahms, but he is not too well served by orchestra or recording; the best all-round issue in Christian Ferras's coupling of Mendelssohn and Tchaikovsky, for his playing is gracious and sweet and he receives admirable support from the Philharmonia under Constantin Silvestri. Igor Oistrakh's account of the Beethoven, with Schüchter and the Pro Arte Orchestra, is disappointingly tame—I have rarely heard a young instrumentalist of comparable accomplishment play in so noncommittal a fashion.

Other orchestral issues from this source include Klemperer's monumental but rather coarsely recorded Brahms No. 1; Hindemith's "Concert Music for Strings and Brass" and his "Symphony for Concert Band," admirably played by the Philharmonia under the composer's direction; Walton conducts the Philharmonia in a splendid recording of his "Façade" music and the new "Johannesburg Festival Overture," and this most recorded of orchestras is also heard in stunning performances of Piano Concertos by Ravel and Rachmaninoff (No. 4) from Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, as well as in a suave Mozart coupling—"Haffner" Symphony and B flat Divertimento, K. 287—under Karajan.

Mozart lovers will rejoice over the latest coupling by the Amadeus Quartet (plus Cecil Aronowitz), since it offers the Quintets in D and E flat, neither of them currently represented in our catalogue, while Rosalyn Tureck's monumental performance of Bach's Goldberg Variations is now perpetuated on a pair of HMV discs. This affords a fascinating contrast with the Glenn Gould version which Philips issued here only a month earlier: I find the young Canadian's brilliant and impulsive reading more enjoyable on the whole than Tureck's intellectualized and slow-moving approach, which insists on observing every single repeat.

The latest of the EMI historical re-issues include, in addition to Schnabel's peerless performance of Schubert's "posthumous" B flat Sonata, the first vocal discs in this particular series: Wolf and Richard Strauss lieder sung by Elisabeth Schumann, Chaliapin in scenes from "Boris" and other Russian operas, and a Columbia collection of Italian soprano arias recorded in the mid-Thirties by Claudia Muzio. Such discs will delight collectors, but the most valuable issue of the present batch is perhaps that which allows us to hear Prokofiev's Third Piano Concerto, together with a miscellany of short piano pieces, as performed by the composer.

Fischer-Dieskau, whose restoration to health we shall verify this month at the Festival Hall (he must be pretty fit again since recently, in Berlin, he sang the title-role in Carl Ebert's production of Verdi's "Falstaff"), appears on the HMV label once more, thereby renewing his fruitful partnership with Gerald Moore. The latest disc is entirely devoted to Schumann and Heine: it includes the Op. 24 "Liederkreis" (not to be confused with the more familiar Eichendorff collection, Op. 39, bearing the same title) as well as a varied group of miscellaneous songs ranging from the intimate passion of "Du bist wie eine Blume" to the stark drama of

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"Belsatzar," all of them magnificently performed. Also on HMV there is a clean, workmanlike reading of Schubert's Octet by the Chamber Music Ensemble of the Berlin Philharmonic, four of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies receive coruscating performance at the hands of György Cziffra, and no fewer than nine LP discs are devoted to the most famous speeches of Sir Winston Churchill. For intelligent, light entertainment nothing could be more welcome than the latest collection of songs and monologues featuring the one and only Joyce Grenfell. This charming and witty entertainer—whom we like to think of as ultra-English, though she is actually half American—is justly admired on both sides of the Atlantic, where countless fans dote on "Shirley's girl friend" and her deliciously affectionate caricature of a nursery schoolteacher.

Decca's newest subsidiary, Argo, has just announced the launching of what must surely rank as one of the most ambitious projects in the history of the phonograph. In association with the Cambridge University Press, the company intends to issue "The Works of William Shakespeare," complete and uncut in the text of "The New Shakespeare," edited by John Dover Wilson, one of the foremost authorities of our day. The recordings will be made by past and present members of The Marlowe Society of the University of Cambridge, under the direction of George Rylands, and published under the auspices of the British Council. "Othello," "As You Like It," and "Troilus and Cressida" are scheduled for release during March, to be followed in June by "Julius Caesar," "Coriolanus," and "Richard II."

A brief glance at the activities of other labels shows a welcome if belated appearance of the first LP version of Schubert's magnificent G major String Quartet, Op. 161 (Budapest Quartet, on Philips); admirers of the great Russian pianist, Sviatoslav Richter, will be grateful to Supraphon for making available to us his masterly performance of Bach's D minor Clavier Concerto with Talich and the Czech Philharmonic, though they are unlikely to relish having to pay for the coupled performance of the third Partita, played by Hugo Steurer, an undistinguished pianist from East Germany. Among Russian discs recently imported into Britain, I was especially pleased to renew my acquaintance with the brilliant rendering of Shostakovitch's Piano Quintet—still among the finest of his compositions—by the composer and the Beethoven String Quartet.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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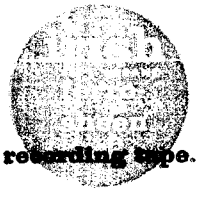

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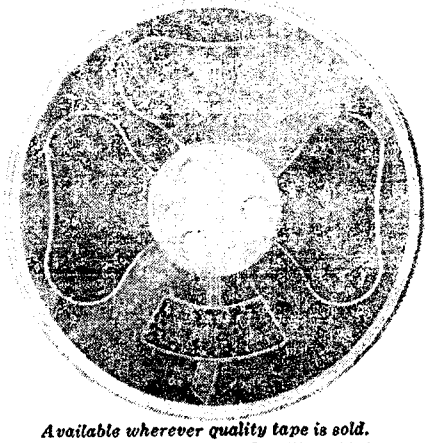

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THE AMEN CORNER

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I REALIZE that for many musical enthusiasts the names of Brockton, Massachusetts, and Woonsocket, Rhode Island, will fail to convey the perfume of such syllables as Biloxi and Lake Ponchartrain. But that is not true in this department, which has a long history of what Henry James called "heated railway effort" on the New York, New Haven & Hartford and the Boston & Maine. I can even feel a certain hard poetry in those stark wooden houses, each with its rickety stack of porches, which have been so much a part of the urban flowering of New England. Nor does my rich gratitude for the jazz music of New Orleans and the southland in general serve to make me forgetful of northeastern syncopation. I have heard Hardy's Orchestra of Worcester playing "On The Alamo" at the Tivoli dance hall on Martha's Vineyard, and I have heard Sprince's Orchestra of Bowdoin College rendering "Tell Me" at Island Park on Lake Cobbosseecontee in the State of Maine.

But allow me at the moment to call attention to Dick Johnson, an alto saxophonist out of Brockton, his friend Dave McKenna, a pianist from Woonsocket, and two men with whom they had never played before: Wilbur Ware, bass, and Philly Joe Jones, drums. This quartet perform nine numbers, of which five are originals by Johnson (Riverside RLP 12-253), and if I am not mistaken we have very distinguished new talent here. Johnson, who like all modern altos has listened to Charlie Parker, and who is especially fond of Lee Konitz, plays himself with irresistible verve and invention; he composes intricately jaunty tunes (I am daft about "Lee-Antics"); and his rapport with the other three players is perfection. A good deal of the briskness of a New England October has gotten into this music, but Johnson can also suggest the summer shore. He has hitherto spent a good part of his time in the saxophone sections of big bands, and I am delighted to find him in a more conspicuous position.

The muscular, fertile improvising of tenor saxophonist John Coltrane is to be heard in an excellent program with pianist Billy Garland's trio (Paul Chambers, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums), and here Coltrane's tough opulence is mixed with simpler, more lyric moods, especially in a lovely thing called "Slow Dance" by Alonzo Levister (Prestige 7123). Coltrane, however, always remains a sinewy performer and is definitely contra-indicated for those with a leaning toward the genteel.

THE young trumpeter Lee Morgan, colleague and protegé of Dizzy Gillespie, is among the most ardent new men on his instrument—nothing cool about it—and he does beautifully with Dizzy's well-known "A Night In Tunisia" and other numbers, in-

—Bruno of Hollywood.
Abbey Lincoln.

—Francis Wolf.
Lee Morgan.

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cluding an original "Heavy Dipper" (Blue Note 1578). His supporters are Bobby Timmons, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums; and a new baritone sax virtuoso, Pepper Adams, who grew up among the gifted Detroiters now so strongly represented in the "New York school" of jazz. Their common quality is a musical sophistication expressing itself with healthy spontaneity, and if this sometimes makes for excesses it also illustrates the spirit which seems to me essential to a jazz band.

Abbey Lincoln, as revealed on her album cover, is a very sightly girl, and she is a warmly rewarding jazz singer of such well known amorous numbers as Kurt Weill's "That's Him" and George Gershwin's "Porgy," as well as of a happy new ballad, "Strong Man" by Oscar Brown, Jr. (Riverside RLP 12-251). For most of her program, Miss Lincoln sings with emotional control, securely avoiding the bathetic. But even if she were not such a generally pleasing artist, the disc would be highly desirable for her accompanists. They consist of a varsity collection of the "New York school"—Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Sonny Rollins, tenor sax; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Max Roach, drums. These men are not normally subservient to a singer, and their capacity to enrich that role is merely more proof of their elegant musicianship. I have never before tried to throw myself into the frame of mind of a girl jazz singer, but I found myself virtually obliged to make the attempt in order to share the pleasure which must have been Miss Lincoln's when the horn of Sonny Rollins enlarged with eccentric grace on her sentiments.

THERE is a good deal of admirable blues playing by five different combinations on "Blues for Tomorrow" (Riverside RLP 12-243). Rollins is to be heard again, with a rhythm section. The East Coast All-Stars include, among others, John Coltrane and the elder statesman of the tenor saxophone, Coleman Hawkins (the stylistic contrast between them is fascinating—elaborate rococo as against a sweeping baroque). Mundell Lowe's Quintet features his own easy guitar. Bobby Jaspar's Quartet has the Belgian leader's robust, thoroughly acclimated tenor saxophone, and the refined authority of George Wallington's piano and Elvin Jones's drums. Herbie Mann's Californians present Mann, casually seductive, on the bass clarinet, and he is found again on "Great Ideas of Western Mann" (Riverside 12-245), the sidemen including Jack Sheldon, trumpet, and Jimmy Rowles, piano. —WILDER HOBSON.

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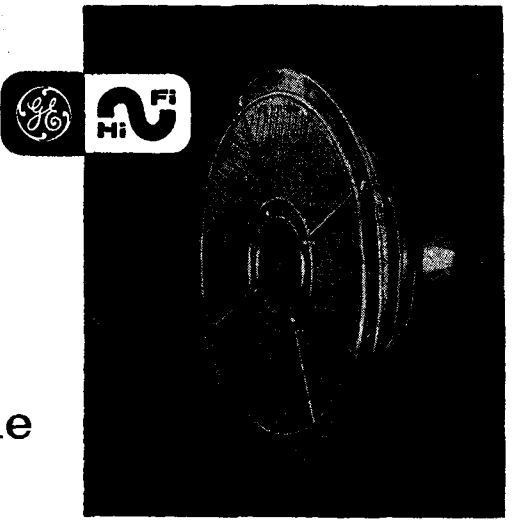

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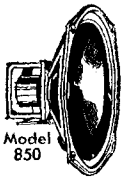

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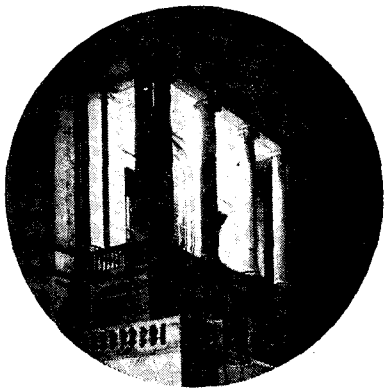

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MOZART WEEK IN VIENNA

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

VIENNA.

MOZART's birthday, the twenty-seventh of January, ought to be a legal holiday in Austria, which owes much of its artistic and some of the economic prosperity to this most famous son. There is no shortage of celebrations though, lasting from a day to a whole year, as in 1956. No other composer's music, not even Johann Sebastian Bach's, the only one playing in Mozart's league, would stand the strain of numberless, often mediocre performances, but the music of "Figaro" and the G Minor symphony comes out of heaven and cannot be hurt by earthly routine, perfunctory playing, and uncalled-for *ritardandi*.

This year the Vienna State Opera celebrated modestly with a Mozart Week, presenting only two new productions, "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Zauberfloete," and repertory performances of "Cosi Fan Tutte," "Entfuehrung," and "Don Giovanni." "Figaro" and "Cosi" are given in Italian, "Zauberfloete" and "Entfuehrung" in German, "Don Giovanni" in both languages. Vienna's "new," postwar Mozart style seems to have set examples in operatic circles around the world and quite a few singers have hurt their voices by constant *sotto* and *mezza voce* singing. The Mozart Week was a good time to size up the present evolution of this style. The new "Figaro," which was really premiered last summer at the Salzburg Festival, emerges as the near-perfect masterpiece of it. There has been a change of conductors; instead of Karl Böhm, who conducted in Salzburg, Herbert von Karajan is now in charge ("Figaro" in Vienna has always been a prerogative of the *Operndirektor*). He's going to take the production to the World Exposition in Brussels where it will be Austria's most valued export article.

The new "Figaro" is one of the rare and rarefied moments in the disappointing life of an opera-lover when talent and tradition, hard work and good luck combine to create a happy synthesis of all the elements of Mozart's genius. Music and colors, voices and gestures, sounds and movements are blended into sublime delight. Ita Maximovna's scenery and costumes are beautiful, elegant, and right. Günther Rennert's scenery comes out of the spirit of the music. It's all in the score; Rennert turns the musical phrase into natural action; there are no extraneous bits of business, no superimposed gimmicks. Purists might have preferred Böhm's conducting, which pays more attention to Mozart's tempi though it is sometimes on the dry side. Karajan does everything a little too fast—there are precarious moments when the singers' enunciation becomes blurred because they can't keep up the pace—but there is an airy lightness and a continuous cloud of champagne about this performance. It was the right atmosphere for three beautiful and beautifully singing women: Schwarzkopf, Seefried, and Christa Ludwig as Countess, Susanna, and Cherubino. Kunz was an agreeably subdued Figaro. Only Eberhard Wächter, a newcomer to the charmed circle of old "Figaro" hands, lacked the nobility and grace of Almaviva. Despite these minor flaws there was agreement, from the stalls to the fourth gallery, that this was the finest "Figaro" in memory. If it was supposed to prove something it proved that no one can equal Mozart at his best and that the perfect Mozart (somewhat like the perfect Verdi and perfect Wagner) must be total musical theatre.

THE new "Zauberfloete" proved another obvious and less pleasant truth, that if you make a mistake in Mozart, it's a beaut. The trouble became apparent as soon as the curtain rose: the scenery and costumes by Georges Wakhewitsch were a persiflage of Mozart and Schikaneder. Wakhewitsch has shown talent in previous productions, but he totally misunderstands the wonder world of the "Magic Flute," and he gives the impression that he couldn't have cared less. The scenery was wrong and the costumes were obnoxious, running the full gamut from the ridiculous to the

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bizarre. The opera begins in a pseudo-baroque Dolomite landscape, and Tamino appears like a refugee from a fin-de-siècle "Aida." The old production at the Theater an der Wien must have cost less than a tenth of this pompous nonsense and was ten times better. Too much money can be as bad in opera production as too little of it; the Staatsoper is untroubled by budget worries, liberally supported by millions of taxpayers' money, and to raise questions about the Opera's budget in Vienna is like attacking motherhood. The prevailing scenic confusion seems to have infected Rennert, the producer, and Josef Krips, the conductor, one of the original architects of the present day Vienna-Mozart style. There were wrong notes on the stage and uninspired notes in the orchestra. Everybody seemed depressed by the goings-on, and after half an hour the celebrated Mozart style went down in defeat. Of the two different casts on two evenings only Lipp (Pamina), Kmentt (Tamino), and Berry (Papageno) were first-rate.

THE rest of the Mozart Week was rounded out by performances of "Cosi," "Entfuehrung," and "Don Giovanni." "Cosi" is another export *Zuckerl*, a true-blue diamond in Vienna's Mozart crown and a personal triumph for the six singers who display almost uncanny precision and a sixth-sense instinct for each other. The show runs as precisely as a Swiss watch movement; when one singer, carried away by Mozart, sings slightly above the phrase, the others follow instinctively. Schöffler, Dermota, and Kunz have sung their parts for years; on the distaff side there have been some changes. Now Schwarzkopf, Ludwig, and Loose make up the ladies' trio (and Stich-Randall sang exquisitely the Fiordiligi in a few performances). Instead of Böhm, Rudolf Kempe conducts; he is the right man for this delightful enterprise; flexible, musical, and always in command of his men.

Vienna's "Entfuehrung" was last year given a new make-up by Kautsky and Krips but it still isn't quite perfect, though it can be pretty good. The singing is generally first-rate (Kmentt, Dickie, Lipp, Loose) and all would be well if a first-rate Osmin could be found. But they are hard to come by. Krips does a fine conducting job.

"Don Giovanni," first performed during the Reopening Festival in 1955, has become a repertory performance and shows a well-worn *Schlamperei* slip. The Mozart crown is still in Vienna but a few yellow stones seem to have gotten into it.

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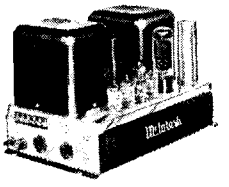

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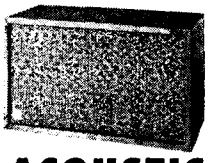

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SCHUMANN ON BYRON

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

IN 1849 Robert Schumann completed his incidental music to Byron's dramatic poem "Manfred." The score consisted of sixteen numbers. It was intended for performance before, during, and between sections of the poem as recited and, in small part, sung. Sung, unhappily, in German translation as heightening interruptions to a dramatic reading of the poem, also in German translation, by a group of actors. For Schumann intended that his "Manfred" should be staged despite the fact that Byron's three-act poem is not a genuine play, but a closet drama (on completing it, in 1817, Byron had written to John Murray, his publisher: "I have at least rendered it *quite impossible* for the stage"). Liszt actually staged it at Weimar on June 13, 1852, but it has altogether failed to hold the attention of either theatrical or (its Overture excepted) musical people. Almost everything about it is peculiar or excentric. Although the musical sections reflect a composing mind still sane, the conception as a whole may reflect the gradual slackening of Schumann's hold on reality. At the center of Byron's poem, for example, is an incestuous passion, the "Astarte" with whom Manfred (*i.e.* Byron) was in love being unmistakably Byron's half-sister Augusta. But Schumann intended to dedicate his score to Queen Victoria, whose reaction to Byron in general and "Manfred" in particular cannot be imagined.

In the "first complete recording" (Columbia M2L-245, $7.96) of Schumann's "Manfred," Sir Thomas Beecham leads the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, the BBC Chorus, and a double cast of singers and actors in a misbegotten show of misplaced enthusiasm. As Sir Thomas conducts the Overture, its familiar eloquence and beauty are made so manifest that it towers disastrously over everything else in the recording. For then we are invited, for more than three LP record sides, to listen to a fragmented reading of Byron's lines by George Rylands, who sounds like a superannuated Shakespearean ham exalted and frightened by what he imagines to be "great art." Some of his orotund reciting is beyond the boundaries of the comical and over there in the realm of farce. The musical fragments (they are no more) neither build up drama nor create palpable moods. They are stylistically indecisive, being full of half-heard

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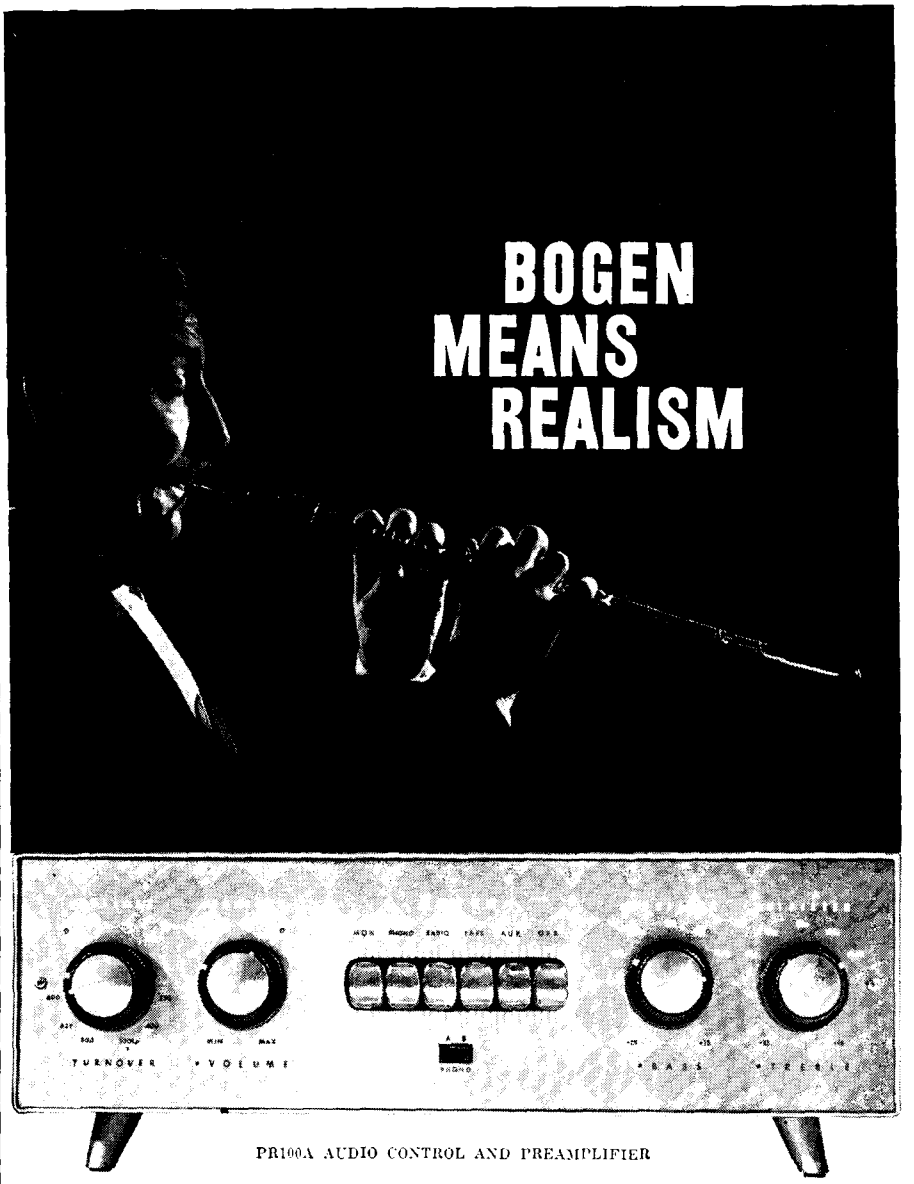
echoes of Berlioz, whose "Symphonie fantastique" and "Lélio" would seem to have been lodged in Schumann's dimming mind, mixed poorly there with his own Teutonic style. The actors other than Rylands are mediocre, rather than positively bad. The singers, who have comparatively little to do, perform that little without distinction (partly, I suppose, because they are singing English to music composed to a German translation of an English text). Only when Sir Thomas is, thank God, occasionally left alone with his fine orchestra does the sagging totality momentarily glow with either light or heat.

Sir Thomas is said to have a great enthusiasm for Schumann's "Manfred." And of course any very great musician is entitled to his aberrations, not only this one, but also the weaker compositions of Delius. But he has been badly served by Columbia. Technically the recording is excellent; it has a wonderful aura of depth in space. Some very peculiar hissing *s*'s result, I think, not from injudicious microphone placement, but from false teeth. But the packaging is a disgrace. The two records come in paper sleeves, each of which comes in a cardboard sleeve, the whole inside a cardboard slipcase. There are then, ten paper surfaces for printed matter. Eight of them are occupied by advertising: lists of Columbia recording artists (including Liberace and Gene Autry), photographs of twenty Columbia albums, instructions on how to take care of records and needles. One surface is, of course, occupied by a display title. And the only side left for a note on "Manfred" fails to tell us when or where the music was composed, what its opus number is (115), what the actual titles of its sections are, how or whether Sir Thomas edited it, how the English words sung were fitted to the music —anything at all, for that matter, of real value to the listener.

Columbia M2L-245, in short, is a monstrous curiosity. It cannot damage the reputations of Byron, Schumann, or Beecham; equally, it cannot add to them. Worse—once the superb performance of the Overture has been heard, these records can scarcely bring either pleasure or enlightenment to anyone.



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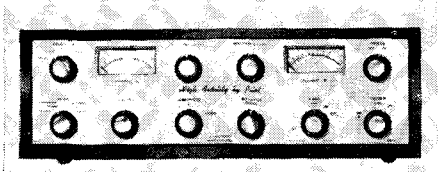

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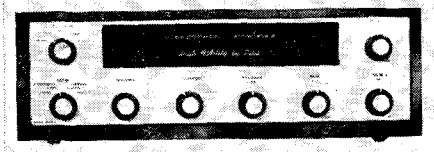

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Artists and Encores

By YEHUDI MENUHIN

IT IS with a sense of embarrassment that I approach the subject, in itself so trivial, of the Bach encore which I gave at the first of my four concerts with the New York Philharmonic this winter, and it is only in the light of the extraordinary antagonism it evoked in certain specific quarters, of the public interest it and my subsequent actions aroused, and the fact that, although I was the center of the controversy, those who set themselves up as arbiters collected the data for their statements from everyone except myself, that I would like to attempt to fathom the reasons lying behind these lively and varied reactions.

At the heart of the matter lies the condition of "live" music today. In these times of mass-communications media, is it not more than ever necessary to recognize those intrinsic values inherent in the live performance which makes of it something unique in the public experience? If, in these days of luxury and comfort, people will yet leave their armchairs, is it not because they find in the concert hall the irreplaceable satisfaction of belonging to, and being an essential ingredient of, the occasion? And is not their expression of this the applause which may or may not be responded to by the artist's encore?

These are the moments of direct communication between the artist and his public, and the artist values them highly. His encore is nothing if not a thing of impulse and, as so many of the original meanings and gestures of man have by the usages of society become empty and sterile, so the artist by his very heritage must feel the need to resist any trends that might lead to a gradual stultification. Certainly there was no hint of any such creeping paralysis amongst the people in the course of my four concerts, who made me aware of something of which I had not before when wholly conscious: namely, the strange phenomenon that is the collective heart and spirit of a friendly crowd.

The critic always plays an essential part in the polarization of artist to audience. He belongs to neither side, but shares in the experience of both. His position vis-a-vis the artist is rather that of the schoolteacher vis-a-vis the mother, in that the interpretation is the artist's child, unique to that parent, but for the teacher only one of many examples. The critic is therefore absorbed with comparative values, not necessarily ultimate

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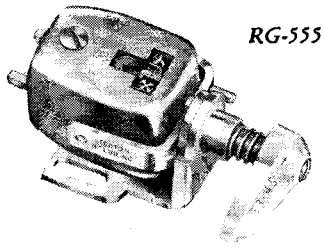

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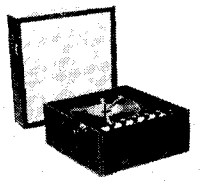

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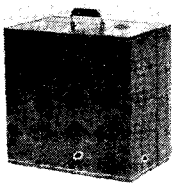

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ones. Should the scales tip too much in the one direction the judgments suffer from the artist's essential subjectivity, in the other from the critic's basic objectivity. Is it not perhaps necessary that we guard unimpaired the keenness of our senses so that we, in the richness of this flourishing democracy, keep the healthy, powerful instinct which enables us to recognize, amid the confusion of the marketplace, the ring of truth from the false claim?

In these days of increasingly organized society there is a very real danger of the man who sits on the sidelines becoming too much the arbiter and pronouncer, just as all over the world the actual producer of the goods, whether artist or peasant, finds himself barred by the middle man from those who want his wares.

My crime was evidently the ancient one of heresy and, like all heretics, the threat of my existence seemed so strong to the conformists that I had to be hustled to the stake without even being allowed to state my case. That is why I am writing now, writing from a full heart, from the wonderful experience of thirty years of travail and joy, ecstasy and despair, insuperable problems and sudden enlightenments—all combining to make of an artist's life something inexpressible in any ordinary terms and for which I am most humbly grateful.

As I am, alas! not a creative, but of that lesser breed, a recreative artist, I am fully aware of the encouragement and inspiration which an audience can give. There is therein a rapport, a definite sensibility between the man in the hall and the performer. Both are listening to the same work and meeting each other, be it intellectually, emotionally, or even spiritually, with varying degrees of contact for which those deliberately keeping themselves aloof may often lose the instinct.

Must then the artist be made to feel like a newly-invented expensive grocery, superior only to the other meats in that he can be recaptured after use and returning, wriggling, to the can? Must he be clocked in and out for his performance? Even though one knows that the critic has to make his deadline, must he feel that, like the Pied Piper, he should draw all the audience after him because he himself cannot wait until the bitter end? Or would it be too vulgar to suggest that the root of the whole trouble may really lie on the one hand in a commendable desire to get to bed and on the other in a reluctance to have to pay overtime?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Menuhin obviously does not agree with the late Artur Schnabel who said: "Applause is a receipt, not a bill."*

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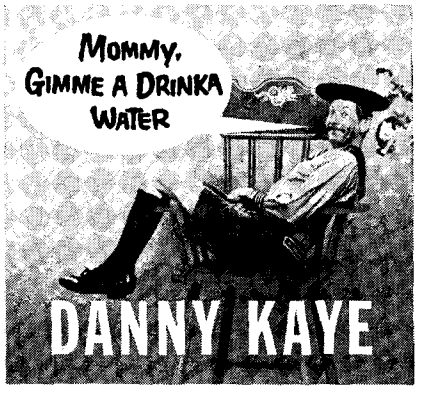

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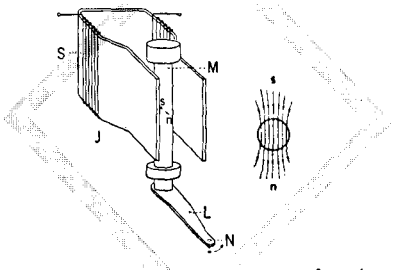

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Kolodin

Continued from page 37

a thirtyish New Yorker, who was trained at the Juilliard as a pianist, but digressed (after Army service) into the commercial world of music as an editor and musical amanuensis for pop tune writers. He is not a father, nor is he married: but he was, obviously, five at one time, and retains almost total recall of what it was like.

He admits that he began his cyclette with a view to setting verses of A. A. Milne, but experimented with writing his own words and found it went better that way. That was an almost inevitable happening, for Schafer's musical ideas tend not so much to tunes, but to organic phrases from which a composition evolves. Thus, "Mommy, Gimme a Drinka Water" is an urgent little monologue which ends with the child falling asleep (still without his "drinka water"). How much Russian blood Schafer has in him, I don't know; but it would be surprising if he hadn't assimilated something of Moussorgsky's "Nursery." "I'm Five" is a gay little scherzo, which recounts the liberation from being helped to dress which went with four, and the imaginary adventures of the boastful one's lifetime, including "ten years" in the jungle. And so it goes.

Kaye's introduction to this material, we are told, came from Frank Loesser, whose publishing firm employs Schafer, and now publishes his creations. Loesser could not have done a greater favor for Schafer (or himself), for the perceptive Kaye not only enters completely into the spirit of the songs, but, even more importantly, into the skin of the small boy they depict. It would be easy to make a trick "routine" of these songs, by the kind of vocal manipulation which Kaye can muster at will, but this would exclude the real substance of Schafer's achievement—the use of sophisticated skills to express something quite simple and genuine. Kaye is with him all the way.

A third party to the collaboration, whose contribution should not be minimized, is Gordon Jenkins, who elaborated Schafer's piano settings into the orchestral form in which it is heard on the recording. A composer of admirable attainments himself (best known for "Manhattan Tower" and "Seven Dreams," not to mention Benny Goodman's "signature music," "Good Bye") Jenkins has filled in the implications of Schafer's piano parts with a degree of taste and imagination which are, of themselves, crea-

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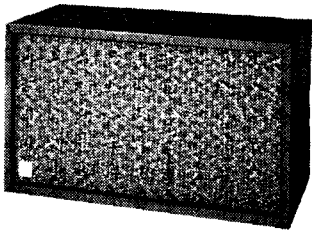

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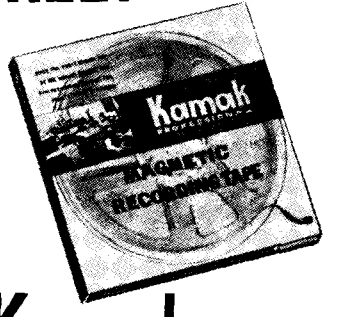

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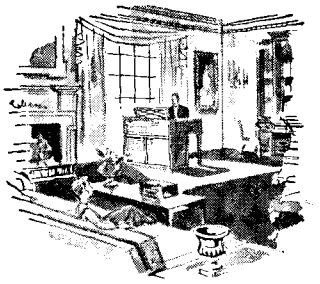
tive. Finally, the performance of the orchestra under an unnamed director is perfectly attuned to the material and Kaye's interpretation of it. From any aspect, then, this is a unique record, which will give pleasure to Kaye's adult admirers, who are legion, as well as to their youthful offspring, the Kaye fans of tomorrow. There may, indeed, be a demand for two copies in every home—one for the nursery, the other for the living room.

THE songs from "Merry Andrew" are in a more conventional Kaye vein, which is to say, totally unexpectable. The situation of an English schoolmaster who falls in with a traveling circus and develops a new career as a clown, is, of course, tailored to Kaye's measure, and the songs to his gayest mood. Among them is a delightful specimen of Mercer's rhythmic resource entitled "Peachy Creamy Day" (whose whistling refrain may chase the "Col. Bogey March" from "The Bridge On the River Kwai" right off the Hit Parade), an "Over the Rainbow" ballad called "Another Day," and a lively tongue-twister based on the Pythagorean theorem, "The square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the two adjacent sides," doubtless the longest title for a pop song ever devised. In addition to framing this in the thirty-two measure format of a pop tune, Mercer has managed to phrase it with a beat, no small problem with so many "squares." However, a man who could manipulate "Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe" or "Accentuate the Positive" as Mercer did is capable of whatever verbal feat the moment requires. It need not be stressed that Kaye makes the most of all the opportunities "Merry Andrew" affords, especially as the plot provides for the participation of the small fry with whom he functions so well.

And, for those who came in late, Columbia has reissued on its Harmony label (HL 7012) ten priceless examples of early Kaye at the economy rate of $1.98. Certainly the high class entertainment of "Jenny," "Princess of Pure Delight," "Never Too Late to Mendelssohn," and "Tchaikovsky" (all from "Lady in the Dark"), "Dinah," "Minnie the Moocher," the Gershwins' delightful "Babbitt and the Bromide," "Molly Malone," "The Fairy Pipers," and Sylvia Fine's "Anatole of Paris" has never been offered at so little for so much.

The backward glance also reveals that good as he was then, he is even better now. End of plug.



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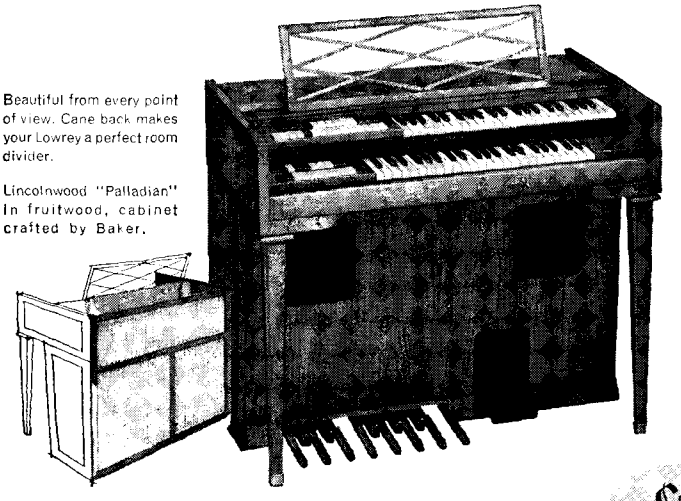

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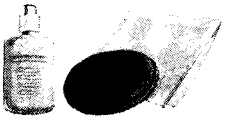

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Continued from page 39

hilarious antics, he said: "The reason I wasn't laughing is that what I was seeing was so incredible. I sit down to watch a man who can't read a note or play a musical instrument, who has no musical training actually, and suddenly I see a born conductor who can get whatever he wants from my orchestra. Danny is fantastic. He should study and make conducting a second career, and I hope you will quote me."

His timing in song or speech is a model, his "rubato" in delivery a lesson to all. His mercurial face and lithe body complete the enchantment. As he slows down or speeds up, as he employs the full range of his voice from a seductive purr to a maniacal shriek complete with facial contortions, everything has the perfection and spontaneity of a carefully prepared impromptu; Danny is playing on the only instrument he knows—people.

The personnel of an orchestra consists of people too. But Danny's respect for music and musicians does not permit him to rely on his personal magnetism alone. In preparation for a concert, he studies his music from his own records of past performances and from the discs of the greatest conductors. His repertory is limited at present, but his command of it is complete. One of the Philharmonic men said, "None of us could ever play anything better, more expressively, or more precisely than Danny sang it at rehearsal when he illustrated what he wanted. He knows exactly what he wants and he conveys it in the clearest way. He made us play with a verve and spirit which only the most inspirational conductors can draw from an orchestra. And underneath all the glorious insanity we all knew that Danny was giving himself fully and wouldn't tolerate any less from any of us."

Danny does give himself fully, as all know who have seen the film on his selfless work for UNICEF. As a comic artist he is unequalled. As a human being he works incessantly to realize his inherent potentialities. It is a happy thing for all that this man of prodigious gifts includes among them the gift of music on a scale that makes him a musical millionaire who can't sign his own name. To music lovers he brings delight and pleasure, to musicians aid and comfort of the most tangible sort, a real contribution to their welfare. For if the public is Kaye's favorite instrument, musicians are his favorite people.

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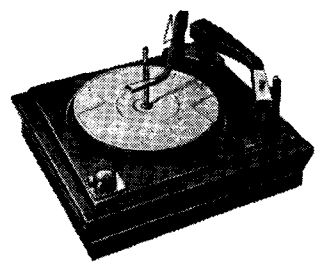
Edward Tatnall Canby, February 1958 issue, Audio Magazine



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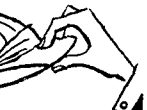

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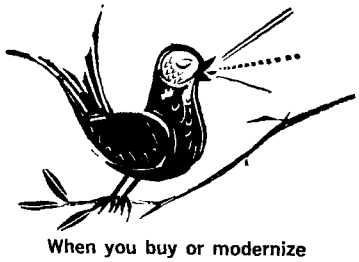

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

GIVING OPERA THE BIRD

SR HAS BEEN QUESTIONING Eileen Farrell's absence from the Metropolitan Opera for some time now. The chant has been accelerated recently as a result of several New York appearances this season. A published statement Miss Farrell made in San Antonio (during the 1957 Grand Opera Festival) may give evidence, at least on her part, as to why she is absent from the Met: "Opera is for the birds."

RONALD SEELINGER.

Lockhart, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Is this quote complete? Or did Miss Farrell say: "Opera is for the song birds?"*

MISPLACED CREDIT?

HAVING LIVED long among them, I am inordinately fond of Russians as people. But it is a plain fact that "Russian violinists" are not Russian. Offhand I can't think of a single outstanding Russian violinist. Those whom I. K. mentions—Heifetz, Elman, Seidel, Zimbalist, Milstein, Kogan, Oistrakh—are Jews. There's not a grain of the Slav in any of them. The habitual attribution of a genius for the violin to Russians is neither true nor fair to the Jews. The same, incidentally, holds true for most "Russian chess masters," since the great majority of them, too, are Jews.

EUGENE LYONS.

Pleasantville, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As we describe Isaac Stern as an American violinist, it would be hairsplitting to do otherwise where Russian artists are concerned.*

LET'S LOOK AT THE FACTS

SR SHOULD INDEED prepare an appraising survey of Bernard van Dieren's work, in view of Halsey Stevens's remarks (*SR* Feb. 22). If it is shown that his style is chromatic *schmalz*, we will be able to say so. Having admittedly read only those few smaller and probably early pieces of van Dieren which mercenary publishers have seen fit to print, I believe Stevens is quite impetuous and rash in his judgments. What would he have said about Bartok if he had heard none of his music and examined but a thimbleful of his output? Let's find out about van Dieren!

PAUL PARTHUN.

Mauston, Wis.

BRUCKNER'S IMPATIENT PATIENTS

IN I. K.'S RECENT review of a performance of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony by the Boston Orchestra (*SR* Mar. 1) he mentioned that the splendid orchestral craftsmanship "did not deter batches of the public from departing after each movement." If I can read between I. K.'s lines correctly he disapproved such a lack of patience

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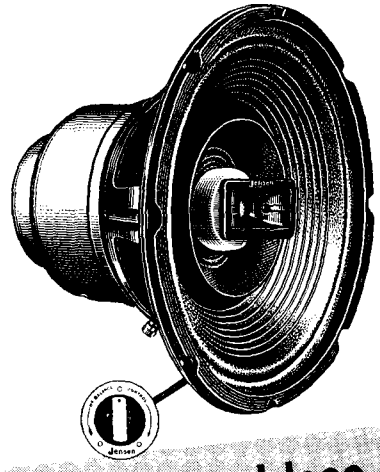

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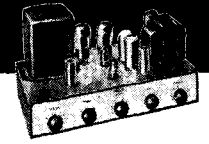

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toward a performance that deserved a hearing. The lack of appreciation with which Bruckner's music has met on this continent is, at least partly, due to critics such as I. K. who have persistently expressed impatience with it, and thus contributed to the perpetuation of a prejudice. It is my feeling that, after repeated hearings, I. K. now begins to be impressed by the grandeur and nobility of Bruckner's music. If I should be right it would be well for him to express a certain change of attitude in one of his reviews.

PAUL L. FRANK.

Westerville, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Grandeur" and "nobility" are, of themselves, relative terms. The ones who departed were expressing their free will, as the writer was in his comment.* *See page 42.*

ME AND THE BUDAPEST

I HAVE BEEN SEARCHING through three years of back issues for an ad or an article concerning "Music Minus One" and, being unsuccessful, I next thought of *SR*. This was a novel idea in recordings, in which one part (violin, cello, horn) was omitted from the recording, the music for that part supplied—and, behold, you are playing with the Budapest Quartet!

MRS. HAROLD F. OSBORNE.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The records are listed in the Schwann catalogue.*

MET MATURITY

SOME TIME AGO several letters were printed in *SR* soundly lambasting the Metropolitan Opera Record Club because of the inferior quality of their early releases. At the time I concurred in the opinions expressed. I believe that it is now time to change the criticism to applause. My first purchase, "Boris Godunov," was not an exceptional product. Since that time, however, additional releases that I have brought have proved highly satisfactory. I have found the English-language abridged versions of "Hoffman," "Perichole," and "Hansel and Gretel" well sung and recorded in a thoroughly first-rate manner.

Most recently I received the Club's two-record set of scenes from "Die Walküre" which I consider an outstanding release. The performance is excellent. The cast is superb; the music and performance dramatically convincing.

JAMES BLASER.

Amherst, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The records are not submitted regularly for review, as are commercial releases.*

WHO'S LAUGHING?

ALTHOUGH I WAS at first stunned by Marshall Stearns's article upholding rock 'n roll ("Rock 'n Roll—Its Cause and Cure," *SR* Feb. 22), I enjoyed it immensely. Surely this is satire. Such humor is unparalleled in modern criticism. Next Mr. Stearns will relate the tragic tale of Lawrence Welk, the rejected Existentialist genius of progressive jazz.

MARILYN WEHRMAN.

Warrenton, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We await with interest the Stearns view of Lawrence Welk. The question is, however, is it music?*

CONDON CRITIC

EDDIE CONDON'S opinions of Dave Brubeck, Sarah Vaughan, and Toshiko are about as valid as would be James Watt's reflections on the cyclotron.

JAMES D. REGAN.

Miami, Fla.

OKAY FOR C, G, AND B

THE JAZZ REVIEWS by Condon, Gehman, and Braff are very interesting. I hope you will keep them on.

BOB THARALSON.

Billings, Mont.

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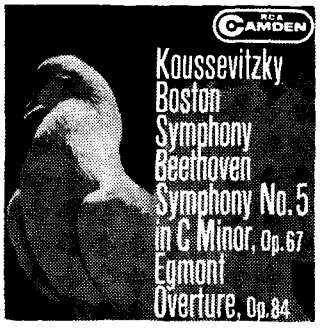

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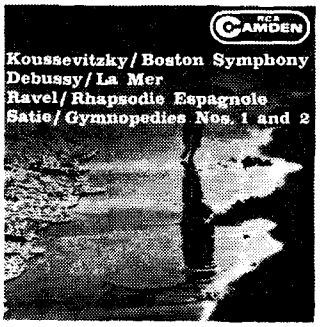

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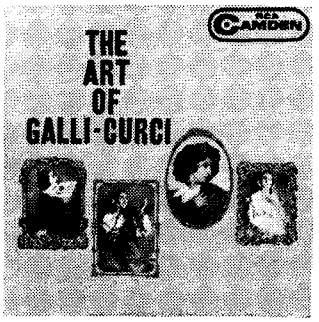

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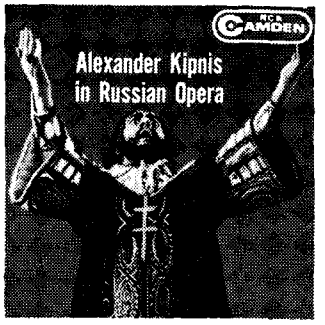

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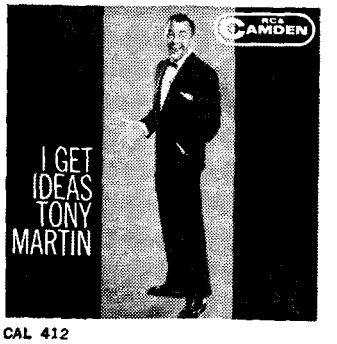

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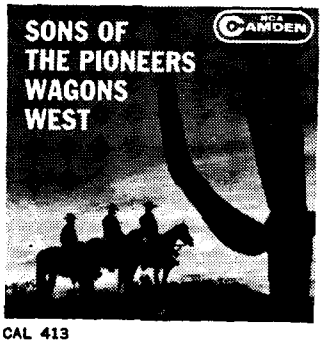

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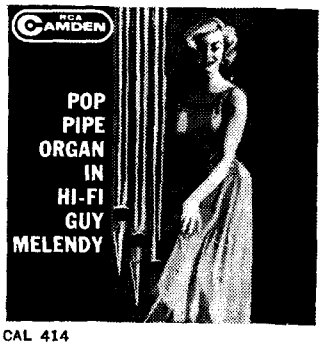

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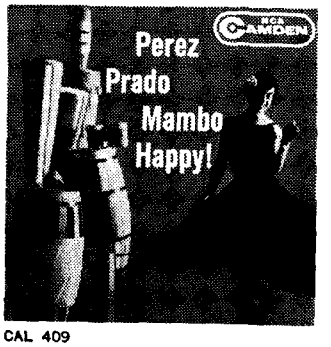

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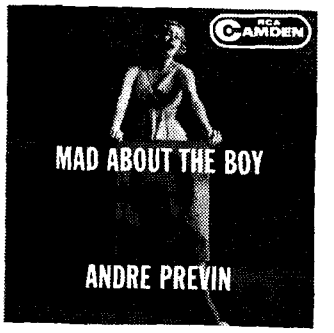

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